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The Shape of Things

POLITICAL INSTABILITY AND THE MISERY OF the people of France and Italy have provided plenty of fuel for the strikes and riots set off by the Communists. In France, the political threat is embodied in the concentration of reactionary sentiment around De Gaulle, who, since his electoral triumph, has played up to the worst elements in his following by demanding a three-power alliance (France, Britain, and the United States) against Soviet Russia. In Italy, the rise of fascist groups little different in behavior and orientation from those which preceded Mussolini's seizure of power, has given the extreme left a good excuse for counter demonstrations. In both countries, inflation, shortage of food, and the existence of a brutally unfair black market has driven workers and small professional people close to desperation. No one believes revolution is imminent in either France or Italy. The danger is that Communist efforts to discredit the existing governments—an easy enough job, under the circumstances—may open the way for all-out reaction, especially since their bitter attacks on the Socialists have made collaboration among the parties of the left practically impossible. Yet Ramadier's attempt to strengthen his government by drawing in men like Reynault from the center-right looks like a futile gesture. The further he goes in that direction, the more completely he isolates himself from the workers and risks being forced into the role of a French Noske. His position and that of the non-Communist left in Italy might be strengthened by prompt economic help from America. But if it fails to come, or if it comes slowly and in inadequate amounts and with political conditions attached, only the extreme right and the Communists can benefit.

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HIS "INDISCRETION" IN TELLING BUDGET secrets to a reporter before they had been imparted to the House of Commons has cost Hugh Dalton his office as Chancellor of the Exchequer and may have ended his political career. To many Americans, accustomed as they are to political "leaks," that will seem a heavy penalty for the offense. Mr. Dalton seems to have believed, when he gave a preview of his budget speech to a representative of the London *Star,* that it was too late for the last edition. Evidently he underestimated the speed and enterprise of Fleet Street—a strange miscalculation for one of his experience. At any rate, the *Star* was able to put a special on the streets within a few minutes, and the Chancellor found that he had scooped himself and violated one of the most sacred traditions of a parliamentary body which is very jealous of its traditions. As Prime Minister Attlee said, in accepting Mr. Dalton's resignation, "The discretion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who necessarily receives many confidential communications, must be beyond question." In a dispatch to the New York *Times,* Herbert L. Matthews suggests that Mr. Attlee may have welcomed the chance to drop a colleague who had been "almost universally criticized." That theory does not make much sense when one considers that the incident must damage the Labor government's prestige. Moreover, Dalton's ability and fighting spirit in debate had won him the high regard of Laborites inside and outside Parliament. If he was unpopular, it was with the opposition, which feared his caustic tongue, and with the financial press, which, not surprisingly, objected to his acting like a Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer.

*

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, WHOSE CAREER IS sketched by Margaret Cole on page 555, has been appointed to succeed Dalton. Cripps had recently been made Minister of Economic Affairs, with general authority over economic planning, and there is a good deal to be said for combining this job with control of the national finances. Implementation of the "austerity" program which Cripps has drafted requires more cooperation from the Treasury than Dalton, perhaps, was always willing to afford. Now Cripps has the driver's seat to himself and is in a better position to keep production, trade, and fiscal policies in step. No man understands better the nature of Britain's economic crisis. He knows that, whatever temporary relief American aid may offer, Britain must find means to live within its physical income, that the improved living standards which are the Labor government's goal depend on an increase in total production. Cripp's insistence on cutting the British coat according to the cloth available has won him the bitter dislike of those Britons who must find a personal devil to blame for their hardships and can't or won't understand the deep-rooted causes of their country's difficulties. The newly ordered draft of "drones" and workers in parasitical trades for employment in vital industries will probably bring him a fresh crop of enemies. Those Britons, however, who realize that they are, in effect, living under siege, will applaud his efforts to insure that burdens as well as benefits are shared.

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IF THE NEW TAX PROGRAM WHICH DALTON presented last week had been framed by Cripps, it would probably have been even tougher than it was. The necessity for supplementing last spring's budget did not arise from any deficit; actually, during the first thirty-two weeks of the fiscal year, British revenue exceeded expenditure by over $1,000,000,000. Nevertheless, this large surplus was not sufficient to absorb the excess of purchasing power in the country. As Dalton explained, recent measures to expand exports and contract imports resulted in an addition to money incomes which could not be balanced by increased supplies of goods. He proposed to mop up some of this excess purchasing power by a steep increase in the sales tax, with the rate on luxury items, such as jewelry, going to 125 per cent. Other additions to existing taxes, such as the higher rate on distributed profits, are calculated to check the growth of spendable income or to discourage the waste of scarce resources. A new tax on certain kinds of betting aims a blow at an "industry" which has attracted a huge number of workers from productive employment. Mr. Dalton has been sharply criticized for not being severe enough. In particular, his budget is under attack because it failed to eliminate or reduce food subsidies which have helped to create surplus income by keeping prices of rationed necessities at a low level. However, the Labor government has insisted that in the peace crisis, as in the war, the basic requirements of life must be made available to all, regardless of income. Removal of the food subsidies would result in a sharp rise in prices and mean that the lowest income groups would not be able to afford even the modest diet to which their ration cards entitle them. It would also inevitably lead to new wage demands and disturbance of the labor peace that is so necessary for increased production.

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IT IS ENTIRELY APPROPRIATE THAT ONE OF the three Americans involved in the fantastic and abortive expedition to overthrow Trujillo was named Thomas Sawyer. . . . An advertisement for the Visiting Nurse Service in the New York subway has our ears burning. It shows a pretty girl in a nurse's uniform—and bears this caption: "Her phone rang 89,000 times last year." Which is 7,416¾ times a month, which is 247 times a day. The little girl should not only have a hand; she should also have a private number. . . . And speaking of telephone calls, 42,000,000,000 of 'em were completed in the United States in 1946, according to the A. T. and T.'s "Telephone Statistics of the World." The average American used the telephone 301 times in the course of the year, and there are more than 30,000,000 telephones in this country. Russia, on the other hand, has only 1,500,000. But perhaps that's enough, considering that they are all on a party line.

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WALTER REUTHER'S VICTORY OVER THE George Addes – R. J. Thomas group at the C. I. O. automobile workers' convention was even more decisive than his most optimistic followers had dared expect. As a result, this young and able socialistic intellectual now firmly controls the executive board of America's most vigorous union. The Atlantic City convention was the climax of a bitter factional struggle. Reuther's victory does not, however, end his difficulties. In the coming months, he faces the following awesome questions: Can he demonstrate the capacity of a radical but anti-Stalinist group to lead a major trade union? Can he reconcile the restraining pressures from the C. I. O. top leadership with the recurrent militant urges of the U. A. W. ranks? Can he carry through a political-action program that will consolidate his support in the union without alienating him too sharply from his more conservative C. I. O. colleagues? Can he balance the divergent tendencies within his own group? And, finally, can he avoid making blunders which the opposition will be waiting eagerly to take advantage of? The first real test of his capacity will be the wage negotiations with the companies in the spring. His situation is a ticklish one, but it has tremendous possibilities, and if Reuther behaves courageously and sticks to principles he may well become the leader of a major segment of militant unionism. Shrewd observers at the convention felt that Reuther made an error in not giving George Addes a major post. In that way, they felt, he might have drawn a competent and respected leader away from the opposition and reduced it to such powerless figures as R. J. Thomas. With Addes, the opposition can be dangerous.

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PAUL BLANSHARD'S OUTSPOKEN ARTICLES on the policy of the Roman Catholic church in America, the last of which appeared a week ago, were bound to create immense interest. But some of the by-products of the public's reaction surprised us. Almost as soon as the first of the series, The Roman Catholic Church in Medicine, hit the newsstands, complaints began to come in that readers could not find copies on their usual stands—or anywhere else around. With each article, the complaints multiplied, though we increased the copies distributed. Readers came to the office in unheard-of numbers to buy the issue. A check of the New York area showed many stands sold out a day after the copies were delivered. Others seemed about normal. But dealers themselves may have had something to do with the odd discrepancies. One faithful reader found *The Nation* buried among several music trade papers on a Pennsylvania Station stand. A dealer on Forty-second Street sold out quickly—or said so—but refused to accept additional copies; another claimed he got no copies of the issue in question, although they had been delivered as usual. A dealer downtown said that one person took all his copies and then bought out several neighboring stands; whether to distribute or destroy, he did not know. Odd things even happened to mailed copies. A number of subscribers have written in to say that those particular issues failed to arrive, though they have had prompt post-office delivery right along. Perhaps their postman was protecting them from dangerous facts. But the most surprising bit of censorship was reported by a Harvard subscriber who reports the issues of *The Nation* containing the Blanshard articles absent from the library of the Faculty Club. He asks for reprints. We hope he'll send them around to his more sheltered club mates.

Palestine Prospects

THE British statement delivered last week to the Palestine subcommittee meant that Mr. Bevin had not budged an inch since his Colonial Secretary, Arthur Creech-Jones, outlined Britain's Palestine policy in the first days of the Assembly session. This meant that, after anxious weeks of consideration by the General Assembly, during which time constructive measures for settlement had been formulated, Britain was prepared to accept no more responsibility than when it first landed Palestine on the United Nations doorstep last spring.

In view of Britain's latter-day record in India, we had a right to expect more. If Britain had failed in the mandate because the difficulties were such that no single nation could cope with them, then it was proper that Palestine should become the responsibility of the United Nations. But because of its mandate—a mandate which still continues—Britain was morally bound to give the United Nations the cooperation necessary to carry out an agreed solution of the Palestine problem. As one of the world's outstanding Jewish leaders said this week, "Britain had a magnificent opportunity of withdrawing from Palestine with honor—and she missed it."

The reasons for Britain's intransigence are not difficult to find. There is bitterness over being so long in the crossfire of Jewish-Arab antagonism. There is pique over being asked to do what other nations are unwilling to do. There is undoubtedly a rankling sense of guilt. And there is the stubbornness of Mr. Bevin, whose almost psychopathic animosity to Zionism has surged up to the surface in several outbursts at Labor Party conferences. At Lake Success, it is this last which is considered the most important factor: several British delegates and advisers are known to be much more sympathetic than their government to the solution the Palestine working committee had blocked out.

What is amazing—and encouraging—is that the setback caused by Sir Alexander Cadogan's statement is not considered fatal. If the British refuse to cooperate, other

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ways will have to be found, although obstacles remain which cannot, by any means, be blamed on the British. The Americans, while they reached tentative agreement with the Russians on a broad plan of partition to be implemented by a commission responsible to the Security Council, have behaved in a negative and frequently obstructive manner. They have yet to indicate that they will support a scheme which might require force for its implementation. The Russians, rightly suspicious of British intentions, have shown great unwillingness to modify the committee's proposal to fit the vague British time-table of withdrawal. Nevertheless, of all United Nations committees, the Palestine "working party," made up of the United States, Russia, Canada, and Guatamala, has proved the one most determined to produce a settlement which will be workable and also likely to win the necessary two-thirds vote in the Assembly.

From the practical standpoint, it seems essential that a scheme be devised to fit the British time-table, though the British are admittedly making this as difficult as possible. One method would be to establish the date of ending the mandate by agreement with the British—say, May 1, 1948—and declare that on that day the two states shall become independent. Special arrangements might be made for the withdrawal of the last British troops after May 1 but before August 1, arrangements similar to those for the withdrawal of the French troops from Syria and Lebanon. This would avoid an interim period in which no effective authority would exist. Before the mandate ended, the United Nations commission would supervise the setting up of civil administration and law-enforcement bodies in the nascent states.

An alternative scheme would be to postpone independence until a later date and declare Palestine under United Nations sovereignty between the time the mandate ends—or the last British troops are withdrawn—and the date of full independence. In this case, the problem of keeping order and the authority of the United Nations commission would become of prime importance.

But these questions, along with the geographical and administrative details of the partition plan, will almost certainly have been settled in the subcommittee before this editorial appears. Then the real debate will begin, first in the ad hoc committee and after that in the Assembly itself. How it will come out, no one dares guess. The Arabs can not only be counted upon to fight for their own plan, but to raise every kind of objection, legal, political, and emotional, to the acceptance of partition. The success of the majority plan can be assured in just one way—by the full and energetic support of the United States. The record of our delegation up to this hour gives us little reason to expect such an effort. Once agreement has been reached and the American position fully stated, however, the government's prestige will be committed to the plan. A defeat in the Assembly would be a defeat for the United States on an issue of first importance. For this reason if no other, there are grounds for hope that the Americans will press for a favorable vote in the Assembly.

Bundles for Europe—Without Strings

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE NATION has never favored secrecy in the processes of government, but it is hard not to wish the debate in Congress on emergency aid for Europe could be carried on behind sealed doors. That substantial aid will be voted, is certain; both parties are overwhelmingly committed to it. What one dreads is the exhibition to the world public of America's complex of fear, suspicion, superiority, complacency, ignorance, and genuine benevolence of which we have already had revealing previews in the statements of legislators and government officials. When even so conscientious and intelligent a Congressman as Christian Herter qualifies his support of aid by an insistence that American supervision must extend to the last step in the process of distribution and by an anxious hope that nothing will fall into the hands of reds or other unworthy elements, one shrinks from revelations still to come.

We have traveled a long way from the days, last summer, when serious political leaders, here and abroad, discussed the need of giving help to all hungry peoples and disorganized economies. Or when liberals innocently advocated carrying out the Marshall program through the United Nations. What would have happened to both the Administration's emergency and long-range plans had Russia and its satellites joined the sixteen nations is today easy to guess. Whatever Moscow's motives, Molotov's retreat from Paris was a gift of God to Secretary Marshall. It enabled him to put the issue of aid openly on the basis of fighting communism in Europe and to abandon all pretense of general relief and reconstruction. The UNRRA era is dead, and Molotov collaborated with Marshall in killing it.

Whether the Secretary of State intended to include Eastern Europe in his plan as outlined at Cambridge last June, I seriously doubt. He did so as an afterthought, in response to worried protests from political leaders in France and England. But his indorsement of the Bidault-Bevin invitation to Molotov to join their talks on the proposed plan gave the appearance of a reversal of the Truman Doctrine, and offered hope in Europe of a new effort at general reconciliation. American policy thereafter, particularly the sudden revelation

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of our unilateral program of German industrial revival, together with Russia's abrupt boycott of the whole affair, soon killed that hope, and the sixteen nations settled down to their task of planning for economic revival in the West. But they did so with many misgivings, recognizing the dangers they faced in linking their whole fate to American politics and the hazards and pressures of American free enterprise; and recognizing, too, the crucial necessity, if any plan was to work, of restoring economic relations with Eastern Europe. The coming days will show what that decision implied for West and East alike, as Harold Laski says on page 548. Mr. Truman, Mr. Marshall and his aides, Mr. Harriman, Mr. Krug, the chairmen of various inquiry committees, and other prominent citizens, singly and in combination, have made their proposals; but Congress will dispose. The world awaits its action with concentrated anxiety.

ALTHOUGH the immediate matters under consideration are the emergency needs of France, Italy, and Austria, the entire Marshall Plan will dominate the debate. The special session will properly consider the urgent demands of the President and Secretary of State in the light—or darkness—of Europe's longer future. Those who describe the overall plan as Operation Rathole will be reluctant to appropriate even $600,000,000 for stopgap aid. Friends of the Marshall Plan will have to defend it as a whole.

So the problems discussed by Harold Laski in his notable article are upon us; they cannot be postponed. We have the formal assurance of the Administration that American aid must be offered without conditions of a political nature; and, for the moment, I am willing to take that as the official position. But two things must be said in this connection: First, Congress is not bound by Administration constraints; it can insist, if it pleases, that the postulates of the Thomas committee be applied to the recipients of American money or supplies. And, second, neither the Administration nor any Congressional leader has suggested that the aid granted should be free of economic conditions. On the contrary, it is everywhere assumed that Congress will never appropriate funds—emergency or otherwise—unless they are administered or supervised by an American authority. The question is whether the directing body shall be a government corporation, like the RFC, or an agency of the State Department.

Mr. Laski urges that American help be given on terms similar to lend-lease, by which he means, I assume, that the United States should leave control to the recipient countries, under general agreements covering terms and purposes. He doubts, however, that this is the intention, and he is right. The intention is, first, a dole, distributed under American direction, and, second, a long-range pump-priming effort administered, perhaps, through joint European-American agencies but controlled as far as possible in Washington. As Mr. Herter said on the air the other night, if we find a country is going Communist or is squandering American money, we can always stop the funds.

It is natural and entirely proper that provisions should be made for the careful handling of funds lent or donated to European countries. The danger is that we will treat the nations receiving aid, not as parties to a transaction, but as recipients of charity, not as sovereign and equal states, but as dependencies. In this mood, even the reasonable inevitable American passion for efficiency and the economical use of funds is bound to have political results. This is made clear in a recent column by David Lawrence. Acknowledging that the Harriman committee had called for "production goals and for piecemeal aid so a check can be maintained" on what is done with the money, Mr. Lawrence criticizes the committee for "surrendering American principle" by deciding against explicit conditions requiring countries to adopt the free-enterprise system in order to qualify for American aid. Mr. Lawrence is sure that the Republican Party will not agree to a scheme which denies this government a voice in the way the money or supplies shall be used abroad; he points out that we don't appropriate $12 billion to $17 billion every day to bail out other countries. I am sure the Republicans he speaks for, and a good many Democrats as well, will agree with him and be ready to believe that European states or statesmen that haggle over such obviously reasonable terms are already past redemption by dollars.

IN THIS situation, the attitude of American progressive groups must be clear. Europe needs help. Only the United States can give it. Isolationist opponents of the Marshall Plan will harp on the dangers of sending goods or dollars to countries which may go Communist tomorrow or, if not, may use our dollars to build a Socialist Europe. Supporters of the plan will stress its properties as a specific against the red fever. Progressives must fight both kinds of reaction at once. Laski's insistence that Europe should get along without America, if it cannot get help without strings, is treatment only a European would have the right to prescribe. American liberals and leftists—Communists apart—cannot possibly advocate a defeat of the Marshall Plan; it is not their stomachs that would go empty. They can only expose the consequences that will follow an attempt to treat Europe like an aged and indigent relative who no longer knows how to order his affairs. Such a policy—emerging partly from our fear of Russia, partly from our fear of socialism—will defeat the small last chance of a democratic Europe. It is this that Americans who still cherish democracy must tell their representatives in Washington during these coming weeks.

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Is Europe Done For?

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, November 5

EUROPE is not merely a geographical expression; it is also a great tradition and a quality of mind. It has seen stormy weather before, not unlike the tempests which now sweep across its frontiers. It saw them after the Reformation. It saw them again in the epoch of the French Revolution. There is no reason, then, for surprise that after two world wars and the immense upheaval in Russia, both the sense of crisis and the fact of crisis should seem to non-Europeans the most impressive aspects of its life. It is a Europe in which there has been massive destruction for six years. It is a Europe upon which the impact of war has left a deep sense of fatigue, and which also, because of the nature of the Nazi aggression, has lost a good deal of the habitual discipline that makes the daily routine of life seem a natural obligation. Above all, it is a Europe whose historic ruling class has lost not merely its own self-confidence but the power to impose its traditional values upon the masses except, as in Franco's Spain, by ugly methods of coercion.

Europe today presents the characteristics of a civilization of which the ultimate foundations have been called into question. The establishment of Socialist and Communist governments over so wide an area registers a general dissatisfaction with capitalist society, even with capitalism successful enough to be geared to the luxury of politically democratic institutions; and this is as real a turning-point in history as the slow transformation of feudalism into capitalism. The European crisis is more dramatic and shattering, first, because modern technology has made the pace of change ever more rapid, and, second, because the breakdown of European imperialism, not only in the Far East but, at least as significantly, in Eastern and Southeastern Europe as well, has deprived capitalism of the chance to carry on as a going concern, with the masses paying the price of maintaining their old rulers in their historic privileges.

The crisis in Europe will be a long-term crisis only if that ruling class which the European masses no longer accept is so amply supported by America that it is able either to stage a counter-revolution or to postpone the achievement of stability until, as in Nazi Germany, the masses turn to some demagogue like Hitler in the hope that he will provide the basis of a new equilibrium. For nearly all the vital elements which make for recovery are present in Europe. There is the necessary man-power; there is an abundance of technological skill; there is the productive capacity which, granted the necessary stability, could swiftly replace the losses due to war. What is lacking is the breathing-space required to get Europe working again on the basis of the new leadership seeking to establish itself. In the present condition of the world, winning of that breathing-space means help from the United States for perhaps three or four years or the deliberate acceptance of a reduction in the standard of life. The second alternative, if American help should be withheld, might, as the prelude to Socialist reorganization, mean hard sacrifice followed by a new level of well-being. It might equally, if the rising leadership proved lacking in courage and efficiency and imagination, plunge Europe into a new dark age.

IT IS clear that America is willing to help Europe, but that there are terms upon which the help will be given. In part those terms were revealed by the American loan to Britain; they may be broadly and I think not unfairly described as terms which give the American exporter equal access to markets in which British exporters have previously established supremacy. In part they were revealed by the loans to Greece and Turkey. Stripped of the rhetoric of diplomacy, the Greek and Turkish loans were a defense of American capitalism against the danger of what is called in Washington "Russian expansionism" but may also be described as a fear that the masses in Greece and Turkey, like those in Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, will abandon the capitalist way of life. The terms were revealed finally in Mr. Marshall's Harvard speech, and in the series of official pronouncements which have followed, including the Secretary of State's press conference on November 3. The American government will seek large-scale aid for Europe, over a term of years, if Europe can offer real assurance to the United States that American help will be more than a temporary plaster on a wound, will, in fact, assure permanent European recovery.

If American aid, as Mr. Marshall pictures it, were based on those principles which underlay lend-lease in the recent war—rightly described by Mr. Churchill as the most unsordid act in history—I do not think European recovery would be in doubt for one moment. Such a plan would insure the rapid attainment of political stability in Europe, since it would give the new regimes there both the time and the economic elbow-room to consolidate their authority and domesticate the new social values they seek to express. It would also, I believe, enlarge the boundaries of democratic freedom in Europe by giving those regimes, especially in the East, real con-

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fidence in their security. This would also release manpower and diminish expenditure upon armaments. It would make possible a swift solution of the German problem by opening the way to the reintegration of Germany into the European economy.

It does not, however, seem likely that the war-time model of lend-lease was in Mr. Marshall's mind. This was forecast both by the withdrawal of the credits granted to Hungary and Czechoslovakia—which was a political, not economic, decision—and by America's rejection of the British plan to nationalize the heavy industries of the Ruhr. It looks, in fact, as if American aid were likely to be conditional on an agreement, not necessarily explicit, on the part of those nations which receive it to halt the process of transforming capitalist societies into socialist societies. American aid, in a word, will be geared into that market economy which is the central principle of capitalism.

IF IT be said, in reply to this, that Great Britain, which has a Labor government, and France, which is partly Socialist, as well as other countries in which Socialist parties play a vital part, are participating in the Marshall Plan, I think the answer is a simple one. Without American aid the British economic position in the next twelve months will be very serious. The Labor government is seeking insurance against the danger of a new crisis like that of 1931. Mr. Bevin's policy, therefore, is to risk the division of Europe in the hope that American aid will enable Great Britain to buy the time it needs for full recovery. The French government fears that a worsening economic position may bring to full power those reactionary forces which are now organized under the leadership of General de Gaulle. That would mean, in effect, the replacement of the nascent Fourth Republic by a new Vichy-France, with General de Gaulle playing the role formerly filled by Marshal Pétain.

Much the same result would occur in Italy: there would be a new fascism, heralded perhaps by return to a monarchy. In both France and Italy, I think, such a change would mean civil war. What it would mean in Britain is more questionable; at the very least it would so divide the Labor movement of this country that the energies now devoted to increasing production would be absorbed in fighting a revival of the classic techniques of capitalism in crisis. If that led to the coalition of which the Tories are now so eagerly talking, it would be the end of the Labor Party; such techniques could not be imposed upon the Labor government with its present majority.

If it be asked why I believe that the terms of American aid must prove unacceptable to the new Socialist leadership in Europe, my answer is that, so far as I can see, those terms would lay the foundation for capitalist revival on the Continent; that capitalist revival would mean counter-revolution; that counter-revolution would mean civil war over half of Europe or perhaps more; and that this civil war might very easily provoke a third world conflagration. If it be urged that the American government has no such desires or purposes in mind, I agree at once. I am not concerned with the intentions of the American government; I am concerned with the far more serious question of what the American government must do if it is determined—as clearly both the Republican and Democratic parties are determined—to preserve the "American way of life," which is, after all, no more than a pseudonym for American capitalism. The grave problems confronting American capitalism can be postponed only if that inner horizontal expansion which the epoch of the frontier made possible is replaced by an outer horizontal expansion. This means that, in relation first to Asia and next to Europe and the Middle East, America must become an investing and exploiting power. That only half-conscious need, that drive to build relations which are independent of the wills even of the men who build them, lies at the root of American hostility to Russia and of its anxiety to reconstruct Germany on the basis of private enterprise. For such a Germany means not only a great field for American investment; it means that American capitalists, as Germany becomes reorganized, can dominate France—and in partnership with Germany seek to keep Russia within limits they regard as safe.

EUROPE needs a unified economy like the continental economy which permitted the vast expansion of the United States in the nineteenth century. Given that economy, all the conditions are present for European economic revival and, not less important, for a great cultural revival like that of the Renaissance. But European unity can now be achieved only on a socialist basis. Capitalism does not permit any of the conditions unity requires. It does not permit large-scale disarmament. It does not permit full employment, or the planned use of raw materials, or the coordination of reequipment in industry and agriculture. It means a competitive export policy within Europe instead of a planned export policy for the whole Continent. Above all, it prevents that reshaping of the European wage structure on which the whole problem of increased output ultimately depends. All of these are purposes compatible with a socialist Europe. But all of them involve, also, so profound a change in the relations of production, in the legal system of ownership, that they would bring to a close the history of bourgeois civilization there. To all intents, they would end the European phase of capitalist economy.

These changes are therefore fiercely opposed in Europe itself by the classes which have hitherto ruled European life. For once the market economy is transcended, society produces for use and not for profit, since price

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no longer remains the clue to the market's self-regulating mechanism, the master-method to which all other institutional techniques must be subordinated. These changes mean also the rapid abrogation of privilege and, not least, of the use of national sentiment as a smoke screen behind which peoples who have no quarrel with each other are yet driven to fight in defense of privileges which simply abridge the quality of their lives. They mean, further, internal security at a far higher level than in any previous period, since much of what is now diverted to national defense could be used for the production of creative goods and services. But it is quite certain that the ruling classes in Europe will only abdicate if it is made inescapably clear that they cannot rely upon American assistance in any effort they may make to roll back the mounting wave of socialism and to reimpose upon the masses, even at the cost of conflict, that traditional discipline which maintains and safeguards their privileges.

So, in a vital sense, the question of whether Europe has a future will be answered in Washington, answered perhaps before many weeks have gone by. A united socialist Europe would of course have immense effects in America, psychological as well as economic. The economic effect would be a compulsion upon American capitalists to open their own vast internal market to European goods; this sooner or later would raise for the American economy all the questions it has been seeking to postpone for more than a generation. There would also be immense repercussions upon the party structure and so upon the political institutions of the United States. Psychologically, the effect would be to raise swiftly, and in far more dramatic form, all the issues which lurked upon the horizon in the creative period of the New Deal. One way of putting it is to say that socialist principles would be given their first real letters of credit in America; another is to say that America's influence would be exerted to bring the "century of the common man" instead of the "American century." Better, perhaps, than either formulation is to say that the American century would become the century of the common man all over the world.

Like all pre-revolutionary phases in history, this is an age of disillusion and pessimism, and I do not know whether America, especially Young America, is adventurous enough to embark upon a policy which means the self-preparation of the United States for a revolution by consent. On a short-term view this means asking the giant economic interests of America for the exercise of massive self-restraint at a time when they obviously feel that they have the world at their feet. But on a long-term view it has obvious advantages for the ordinary folk of America. For if, in their name, the American government assists in the revival of European capitalism, we shall have taken a long step on the road to war, and at its end America, with no markets to supply, will have to make the choice between socialism and democracy on the one hand and capitalism and dictatorship on the other. For a capitalism which finds itself incapable of horizontal expansion turns quickly to the overthrow of democracy. Anyone who examines the opposition of the "economic royalists" to President Roosevelt's social reforms will have no difficulty in seeing that this is the case.

THE future of Europe depends therefore, in my view, upon its economic unification; and this can be obtained in either the hard way or the civilized way. The hard way implies a resolute refusal of American help on any terms which prevent Europe's leaders from completing the transition to a socialist economy; it will mean a generation of suffering, the possibility of civil war, the slow ascent from darkness to light. The fear of all this has led to the enthusiastic reception of Mr. Marshall's proposal. The civilized way is a revival of lend-lease for some such period as five years, with the inclusion of Eastern Europe and Russia among its beneficiaries. By that way, in my judgment, the "iron curtain" could be penetrated, the latent democratic forces of Russia could be mobilized, and we could solve the urgent problems which center in the release of atomic energy.

If what I have called the civilized way appears to the political leaders of America an impossible choice, then, for myself, I hope the political leaders of Europe will choose the hard way. I do not think it would mean the end of Europe, any more than the fall of Rome meant the end of Europe. It would impose great hardship for a long period of time. It would lower the standard of life. It would mean, almost certainly, a long winter for democracy and freedom. To ask one's leaders to make that choice is a terrible thing. But if the civilized way is not open to them, and they refuse to exact the sacrifices of the hard way, they are only postponing a decision their successors may well have to make in far more difficult circumstances.

Above all I believe it is for the government of Great Britain to take the lead. The Labor government was given its immense majority in Parliament to lay the foundations of a socialist commonwealth in this country, and it would be cowardly for it to withdraw because the task must be accomplished under a stormy sky. This is one of those supreme moments when Britain may once more save itself by its exertions, as it may save civilization by its example. It is the people who ride out the tempest who bring back their ship into harbor.

[*This is the first of three articles by Mr. Laski on crucial international problems. The second, America Astride the World, and the third, Russian Realities, will appear in early issues.*]

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The New Chicago Fires

BY HOMER A. JACK

Chicago, November 12

ON JULY 16 the people of Chicago read in their newspapers that James Hickman, a steelworker, had shot and killed his former landlord. This deed was the culmination of a tragedy which began last January when four of Hickman's seven children were burned to death. Hickman had come to Chicago with his family in 1945 and searched desperately for an apartment. David Coleman promised him a second-floor apartment in a building on Chicago's southwest side, but the apartment was not ready when the Hickmans wanted to move in. So they were "temporarily" crowded into a tiny attic cubicle fourteen feet square, with only one small window and with no water, toilet, gas, light, heat, or fire escape. The Hickmans lived in this attic until January 16, 1947, when there was a fire. The four youngest children, ranging from three to fourteen years, were burned to death, and Mrs. Hickman and two other children escaped only by jumping out of the window.

The coroner's inquest revealed that Coleman had several times tried to evict all the tenants of the building so that he could convert the flats into more profitable "one-room and kitchenettes." Tenants testified that Coleman had said he would do anything to get them out, "even if it takes a fire to do it." Witnesses told of seeing a man run out of the building just before the fire was discovered. The jury was unable to decide whether the fire was of incendiary origin, although fire investigators privately believe that it was. The verdict criticized the owners of the building for "permitting such conditions to exist." To the father of the four children who had died this seemed pretty mild. Still brooding over his loss, Hickman went to Coleman's house six months after the fire and shot him. Coleman died in the hospital four days later, and Hickman was indicted for murder.

One more fact. Hickman happened to be a Negro—as was Coleman. This added a new element to the situation—the penalty Negroes pay for being Negroes under the acute housing shortage in Chicago and the nation. A Hickman Defense Committee was organized. Competent legal talent headed by Leon Despres, an attorney active in civil-liberty cases, was retained, and a campaign was started for funds and sponsors. The trial began early this month. Hickman killed a man, assuredly, but he had accomplices—the people and government of the city of Chicago.*

ON OCTOBER 10 Chicagoans read that ten Negroes had died in a midnight tenement-house fire on West Ohio Street. A few citizens realized that this was not just another fire. And so did Chicago officialdom. By ten o'clock that morning Cook County's dapper State's Attorney William J. Touhy was poking around in the ashes and posing for pictures. By twelve o'clock Mayor Kennelly had visited the ruins and told the press he was ordering a "full and complete" investigation.

Chicago race-relations experts already knew part of the story. The apartment house was in the middle of a "tension area," where Italian Americans and others were resisting the "invasion" of Negroes. The files of the Mayor's Commission on Human Relations and the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination contain a brief account of the violence that had accompanied this resistance:

> 7/5/44–"Molotov cocktail"; 2/10/45–brick through window; 5/9/45–building stoned; 8/45–stones through window; 9/11/45–arson and bricks; 7/10/46–arson; 10/30/46–arson; 8/12/47 and 9/15/47–vandalism.

Two years before, just as some Negro families were expected to move in, there had been an incendiary fire in the same tenement. The Negroes had moved in, however, and remained the only Negroes in the block.

The press lost no time in digging out certain facts connected with the fatal October fire. The owner of the building was found to be in the business of converting slum properties for Negro occupancy at a fat profit. He bought this particular building in 1945 for $9,500, cut the apartments into one- and two-room kitchenettes, and collected monthly rentals totaling $2,000. The Chicago *Sun* in a graphic story slapped a picture of the burned tenement next to one of Mayor Kennelly's residence, the swank Edgewater Beach Apartments. The *Sun* showed that a two-room apartment in the tenement, furnished and including the "privileges" of sharing kitchen and toilet, cost $78 a month, while a plushy apartment in the Gold Coast building, unfurnished, but including an in-a-door bed, refrigerator, private bathroom, and kitchenette, cost $74.50.

HOMER JACK, a Unitarian minister, is executive secretary of the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination.

*Since Mr. Jack wrote, the jury in the Hickman case, after deliberating nineteen hours, has been unable to agree on a verdict, and the judge has declared a mistrial.—EDITORS THE NATION.

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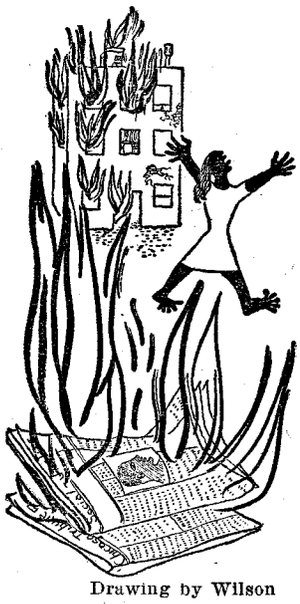
A blue-ribbon coroner's jury headed by Horace Cayton, the sociologist, set about the task of finding the cause of the ten deaths on Ohio Street. The fire could not immediately be pinned on the owner, although he was undoubtedly guilty of some degree of negligence. The jury then had to decide whether the fire was incendiary in origin. Police and fire investigators refused to admit the probability of arson until, through a stratagem which cannot yet be divulged, testimony was extracted from the chief of detectives that there was evidence the hallway had been soaked with a 70 per cent solution of an inflammable fluid. Largely on the basis of this evidence the *Sun* and the Negro Chamber of Commerce each offered a $1,000 reward for evidence leading to the arrest and conviction of persons responsible for the fire.



Drawing by Wilson

At this writing, the rewards are still standing; nothing more has been discovered, although eighteen detectives have been working for more than three weeks to obtain clues from a tight-lipped neighborhood. Earle Downs, a veteran City Hall fire investigator, told me that the fire was incendiary in origin and that "some day we'll get our man—providing more than one man set it."

A THIRD fire is still smoldering in Chicago—in the City Hall. It is threatening the Chicago Housing Authority and the Mayor's Commission on Human Relations. Mayor Kennelly himself helped to set it when he refused to issue a strong statement reaffirming the city's policy of non-discrimination during and after the Fernwood race riots in mid-August. At that time ten thousand whites in the surrounding section of the city demonstrated violently for almost a week in an effort to intimidate eight Negro families which had moved into an emergency veterans' housing project in a "white" neighborhood (see *The Nation* of September 13). The Negro veterans still live in the project, but the Mayor's attitude has given certain elements reason to believe they can challenge the city's policy. Even some Protestant ministers, seeing Kennelly's reluctance to support former Mayor Kelly's policy of non-discrimination in public and private housing, recently asked him, no doubt in Christian terms, to remove the Negro tenants from the project.

Community venom is chiefly directed at the moment against the present administration of the Housing Authority and the Human Relations Commission; it was the commission which, more than any other municipal agency, not excluding the police, prevented the Fernwood riot from developing into a major conflagration. The Fernwood-Bellevue Civic Association has condemned the Housing Authority for "provoking violence, riot, bloodshed, juvenile and adult delinquency, discrimination, and destruction of friendly and harmonious understanding between the races of people in this city" and criticized the commission for being "motivated by the conviction that the only solution to the problem of harmonious racial relationship is by infiltration and commingling of the respective races, contrary to the sober conclusions of the truly representative members of all racial groups."

Attacks on the C. H. A. coincided with efforts to block the passage of municipal bond issues for land clearance and relocation housing in the November elections. At first, two groups opposed the bonds—Negroes who felt with some justification that they might be "redeveloped" out of even their present slum areas and whites who feared that the relocation housing might take in Negro families. Groups demanding a non-segregated redevelopment program agreed to postpone their campaign until after the referendum on the bond issues, but forty-two neighborhood "improvement" associations openly asked for the defeat of the measures. An aggressive campaign to pass the bond issues was then undertaken by such conservative forces as the State Street Council, the Chicago Bar Association, and the Chicago Association of Commerce. Even the Chicago *Tribune* gave the bonds last-minute support, pledging, however, that it would help remove the "irresponsibles and incompetents" from the Housing Authority. Mayor Kennelly refused to support the C. H. A. publicly and in a speech on election eve indicated that "any weakness" in its present procedures would be corrected. The housing bond issues were passed by a vote of two to one, with slum clearance—according to the unofficial returns—receiving next to the most votes of the ten bond issues before the voters. The City Council has now launched a full-fledged investigation of the C. H. A. on the complaint of the alderman from Fernwood that it "persists in theories of housing which are shared by no other local government agencies and are not in accord with those of a great majority of citizens."

The Mayor's Commission on Human Relations is facing a similar fight for existence. A subcommittee of the City Council has refused to give it the usually routine permission to reallocate certain of its funds for salary payments, and one alderman has bluntly stated that "the commission is doing more to hinder amicable relations between racial groups than to help them." The commission's staff faces a payless November and December unless the subcommittee's ruling is reversed. And yet, on its current budget of $55,000, the commission easily saved

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the city a hundred times that amount by helping prevent the Fernwood riots from spreading.

The future of both the C. H. A. and the commission—and the future of human relations in Chicago for a generation—depends on Mayor Kennelly. He has been repeatedly visited in recent weeks by leading church, labor, settlement, Negro, and other civic-minded groups and asked to support the two agencies. Privately he has told friends that he doesn't like such pressure. One wonders how he feels about the pressure being brought to bear on him by business acquaintances who oppose the Authority and the commission.

Chicago liberals who voted for Kennelly last April as a reform candidate have been astounded to see him fall far below the standards set by former Mayor Kelly in the field of inter-group relations. Kelly organized the first mayor's committee on race relations in the nation and put many Negroes in high city offices, including the chairmanship of the C. H. A. Chicagoans realize that Kennelly wants to do right but lacks experience, and they fervently hope he will learn that in running a big city there are other goals besides balancing the books and other useful advisers besides executives with "a practical business viewpoint."

Return to Russia

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Moscow, October 25

WHEN after an absence of a few months a person returns to a country where he has been living for some time, he nearly always finds that it has not changed as much as he had expected. On landing in Leningrad, I found the passport officer just as polite and the old customs official just as casual and jocular as last time: "I suppose we ought to play through all your gramophone records, but it's too much of a sweat—never mind." And when I pointed to a case he hadn't opened, he said "never mind" again, adding with a grin: "Probably more stockings and sweets from Stockholm; they'll appreciate them in Moscow." On the quayside, meanwhile, a jubilant welcome, complete with cameras, microphones, and bunches of autumn flowers was being staged for the Russian chess players, who had returned on the same boat from their victorious visit to London. They made little speeches paying homage to the high standard of British chess and attributed their success to the conditions created by "our physical-culture authorities" and to the fatherly care of Comrade Stalin, "the *Fizkulturiks*' best friend."

Leningrad was alive again on that mellow autumn day, with the golden dome of St. Isaac's and the golden spire of the Admiralty glittering in the sun, and the Neva a deep, dark blue. It seemed more crowded than in summer, though not so crowded as Moscow; quite a number of Leningrad families still have flats of three or four rooms. One of the post-war achievements of Leningrad is the reconstruction of the numerous seaside resorts, with their bungalows, sanatoria, and bath houses, on the formerly Finnish Karelian Isthmus; the restoration of the Tsarskoe Selo palaces, which were burned down by the Germans in 1944, is also in progress. The city's industries, this year as last, were in first place for performance.

On the train between Leningrad and Moscow I noticed, after only three months, that the rebuilding of the destroyed villages had been carried much farther; also more food was being sold at the railway stations, and the Red Arrow had reduced its time from fourteen to thirteen hours. The latest figures show that four million people in the countryside of Russia proper have now been moved from dugouts into houses.

TWO things stand out clearly as I look at Russia again—a betterment in material conditions as a result of a relatively good harvest, and a sharp and anxious concern about the "American menace." While food and clothes are still in the main rationed, I find much larger supplies of consumer goods in Moscow than were available three months ago—mostly Russian goods but also some from Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Germany. Household articles, wireless sets, and a few other things are cheap, as Moscow prices go, even in the non-ration shops. Foreign news in the press is read with the greatest eagerness; people study detailed reports of the United Nations debates to discover what are the chances of an improvement in international relations. Vishinsky's "anti-warmonger" speech made a deep impression, and not least the fact that he gave the "warmongers' " names and quoted their utterances. It was taken as proof positive that trouble was brewing. In consequence the sense of national solidarity seems greatly heightened. This change is very striking.

Last winter little was heard of the progress of industrial reconstruction, and during the spring and summer

ALEXANDER WERTH, Moscow correspondent of The Nation *and the Manchester* Guardian, *begins with the article a new series of dispatches from Russia.*

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all attention was focused on agriculture. No stone was left unturned by the Communist Party in all its endless ramifications to make the harvest a success, though it is not yet equal to a very good pre-war harvest. But now news is coming in about industry. The outstanding example of what has been accomplished is the reconstruction of a large part of the Zaporozhie steel mills: to rebuild these huge plants out of literally nothing it was necessary to send to the spot large numbers of technical personnel and to coordinate no fewer than sixty supplying industries all over the country. Another factory that has been wholly rebuilt is the large synthetic-rubber plant at Voronezh. If up to last March industry was barely managing to fulfil its schedule under the Five-Year Plan, it has shown a sharp and steady improvement since April, and now, it is felt, the wheels have at last begun to turn properly, and there is every prospect, international weather permitting, of the plan being fully realized by 1950.

FOR the Russians the Marshall Plan is symbolic of the whole Soviet-American conflict. They think it would prove in the end ineffective, even if the capital invested in Europe reached an astronomical figure; but at the same time they think it politically very dangerous, for they are convinced that America will attach political conditions to every penny given or lent to Europe. They see the plan as a camouflaged instrument for the strategic penetration of Europe and the establishment of a bastion against the Soviets in western Germany.

They argue that despite enormous post-war difficulties Eastern Europe—notably, the Soviet Union, Poland, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia—is steadily building a sound economy with the help of state planning. This planning may vary from country to country; in Russia it is now based on the principle of technical competence, while in Yugoslavia it is still at that "mass-enthusiasm" stage which Russia passed through in the early thirties. The standard of living in the various eastern countries will not for a long time reach an even level. But all the countries with a planned economy—that is, "real" socialism—are, as seen here, moving in the right direction, and the danger of crises and slumps has been reduced to a minimum, the only incalculable factor being the weather. A common remark heard in Russia, and not by any means only from party members, is: "We know, more or less, where we are going; we have something to look forward to. Has Western Europe any idea where it is going?"

The accounts Russians get of the West are no doubt highly colored, but who can deny that in France a small minority is living wonderfully well on the black market, while the mass of the population—especially the urban population—live miserably. The remedy, the Russians argue, will surely not be supplied by occasional dollar injections, especially when the injections have conditions attached to them. "In the name of democracy," one Russian commentator says, "the Americans want to put one-third of the French nation [the Communists] beyond the pale." That, and Greece, and the "Negro problem" are considered irrefutable arguments debunking the purity of Western democracy.

Bevin and Attlee were naturally denounced with particular violence in the joint communiqué of the nine Communist parties meeting in Warsaw because they appear to the Russians as the middlemen who are "selling out Europe's socialist birthright for a mess of dollars." The new Communist organization, Russians insist, is not concerned with the promotion of Communist revolution in Europe but is merely a defense measure against the Marshall Plan and other capitalist devices. Once you interpret the jargon correctly, you understand what is meant by the statement: "The right-wing Socialists are the worst enemies of European democracy."

TOADYING to the West" in political, economic, artistic, and scientific matters has been condemned with great violence time and again, especially since Zhdanov's famous discourse on literature. But a new note is now often struck in the press. A recent article by the well-known writer Leonid Leonov explained that Russia is not fundamentally hostile to the West but cannot help distrusting it because it has been so consistently ungrateful to Russia and even, on many occasions, has stabbed it in the back. Did not Russia save Europe from the Tartar invasion? Did not Russia bear the brunt of the struggle against Nazi Germany? The roles of Russia and the United States in the last war tend to be symbolized, as they are in a new poem by Alexei Surkov, by the blood men shed at Stalingrad and the blood of pigs killed in the stockyards of Chicago.

The war has made America rich and other people poor. And are the poor, Ilya Ehrenburg asks in a striking article, less deserving than the rich? He then enters upon a discourse about the relative merits of Europe and America and comes to the, in some ways, surprising conclusion that all Europe, including Russia, has a common cultural heritage and is civilized in a higher sense than America, which is "technically efficient" but not civilized. Ehrenburg even comes out with a strong defense of Matisse and Picasso as great masters and as "part of our common heritage." (The editor of the paper, in a footnote, disclaims responsibility for this view.)

Such articles as these may be considered concessions to some existing "pro-Western" feeling. Germany is not touched upon in Ehrenburg's article, but in others great interest is displayed in the German people, and

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particularly in the recent congress of German writers in Berlin.

It is perhaps significant that a German film like "The Murderers Among Us" should have been widely shown in Russia. In terms of war-time propaganda it is completely unorthodox; it should be viewed perhaps as an attempt to explain certain kinks in the German character. The German hero finds himself incapable of killing a "rehabilitated" S. S. man, though he loathes the man and knows that he committed hundreds of murders, and arrives at the strange conclusion that it is not for Germans to punish other Germans. Advocacy of a more "understanding" attitude toward the German people goes with references to Western Europe as still, in spite of everything, "different from America."

It is hoped, and believed, that forces are at work in Western Europe which will counteract American economic pressure and also the American "ideological" and "cultural" influence which the Russians find almost as disturbing. Much is written here about the "flooding" of Europe, especially the Scandinavian countries, with magazines like *Time* and *Reader's Digest* and with American best-sellers which have a definite anti-Soviet purpose. The way Kravchenko's book, "I Chose Freedom," was "pushed" in England is considered illustrative of the American ideological crusade in Europe.

Stafford Cripps

BY MARGARET COLE

IT IS less than a dozen years since the British Labor Party in conference emphatically rejected Stafford Cripps. It had consented to hear him in his own defense, and by one of the errors of human judgment to which he used to be unfortunately prone, he had chosen to deliver a lawyer's defense of his Socialist League activities rather than an appeal to the sympathies of the delegates. Today he is Chancellor of the Exchequer, as well as Economic Director for the Labor government with three ministers under him—Hugh Gaitskell at Fuel and Power, George Strauss at Supply, Harold Wilson at the Board of Trade—all of whom share his general idea about the present job of British industry. Most people thought that Cripps would get a really important post some time, but they were not quite sure what or when. For his ups and downs of popularity within his party over the last eighteen years have been as marked as the ups and downs of the party in the country.

He has a background which repays study. His father, Alfred Cripps, Q.C. under Victoria, later Lord Parmoor, was a highly successful barrister, in his earlier years a Tory. Beatrice Webb, Alfred Cripps's sister-in-law, judged him a careerist, and her diaries of about the turn of the century contain quite a few slighting remarks about the "little jewel of an advocate" and his lack of real principle—a judgment he proved quite wrong by becoming a convinced pacifist and internationalist and accepting office in Ramsay MacDonald's first government. Stafford's mother was Teresa Potter, one of the daughters of Richard Potter, of whom Beatrice Webb was the eighth. Teresa died young, but the Potter inheritance is so clear in Stafford that sometimes he seems more like Mrs. Webb's son than her nephew. He does not look like "an untidy eagle," as H. G. Wells described his aunt—he looks more like an owl—but he shares her asceticism, to which delicate health may have contributed in both cases. Beatrice Webb approved of good but plain food—she was never tired of saying that Lord Haldane was "eating himself to death"; Stafford likes plain food which most people would not even call good, and when in 1942 he went as plenipotentiary to India, many Englishmen prayed that he would not meet Gandhi and return convinced that a loin cloth and some rice and salt provided "the essential minimum of civilized life"—to quote the Webbs.

He has Beatrice's deep religious instincts, but he is a Christian, whereas she never found a satisfying creed until she went to the Soviet Union. He has her unswerving sense of public duty and her disregard of opinion when principles are at stake; and he has, also, her slight "ham-handedness" in relations with colleagues. She was, and he is, genuinely kind and friendly, but natural "bonhomousness" of the Franklin D. Roosevelt or George Lansbury type was left out of their make-up, and Stafford's efforts to be "matey" in the early days of the Socialist League occasionally made one shiver. (The tradition of public service and public obstinacy is well carried on by Stafford's attractive son, John, conscientious objector and agricultural worker during the war and now editor of that remarkable journal the *Countryman*.)

Stafford went to Winchester, where he distinguished himself in science. He missed World War I owing to ill

MARGARET COLE, the wife of G. D. H. Cole, is a lecturer for tutorial classes at Cambridge University and the author of numerous books, among which are "Education for Democracy," "Our Soviet Ally," and "Beatrice Webb: A Memoir." She is honorable secretary of the Fabian Society.

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health, and set to work at the Bar, quickly becoming a success. His specialty was company and patent-law cases, in which there is plenty of money to hire top liners. Stafford was a top liner; by 1932 the table in his chambers was thick with briefs, and the fees he gave up when he entered government service amounted to something like £30,000 ($120,000) a year. The knowledge his work brought him of the managerial end of business and industry, knowledge in which Labor is still not rich, stood him in excellent stead at the Ministry of Aircraft Production and later at the Board of Trade and will certainly be valuable now. Patent-law cases have not generally much need of advocacy, but Stafford is also a brilliant advocate. His most effective speeches in Parliament, such as that made after the shocking Gresley colliery disaster in 1934, have been speeches made to a brief, an indictment of something or other. At such times he becomes fully human and loses the tendency to lecture which sometimes mars his more affirmative efforts.

He slid into politics in an effortless and non-spectacular manner: he was the obvious choice for Solicitor General in MacDonald's second government. But he sprang into prominence after the crash of 1931, when he rejected without hesitation the appeal of Lord Sankey, the Lord Chancellor, that all the law officers should stick to MacDonald. He went out with Arthur Henderson and the rest, and at the ensuing election had the satisfaction of seeing the East Bristol electors remain faithful to him, although by a narrow majority. He, Clem Attlee, and George Lansbury were the only front-benchers to survive the catastrophe; he thus became in one bound a national leader.

But not for very long. Within a few years his sense of the coming crisis had taken him into paths where the party of the thirties would not follow him. He, along with Attlee, G. D. H. Cole and his wife, William Mellor, once editor of the *Daily Herald,* Colin Clark the economist, Gaitskell, and others, had seen that the débâcle of the party, Macdonald or no MacDonald, was largely due to the fact, brought to notice by the antics of Oswald Mosley, that Labor had really no policy for coping with economic storms. Accordingly, this group founded the New Fabian Research Bureau (now the Fabian Society) and the ill-fated Socialist League, whose purpose was to be a forward pressure group within the party. Aneurin Bevan, George Strauss, D. N. Pritt, and the weekly *Tribune* were among its leaders.

The Socialist League in its short life made two tactical mistakes. It was over-doctrinaire—to a single party program it moved at one conference no fewer than seventy-eight amendments, boring everybody—and it committed itself to the policy of a popular front with Communists and others, a policy which neither the trade unions nor the bigger divisional parties like the London Labor Party would consider.

During the war Cripps, as ambassador to Moscow—appointed because he was believed to be *persona grata* to the Kremlin—held a job which must have been about as cheerful as an assignment in a refrigerator. Russian conviviality, so far as it was displayed to him, was hardly in his line; and people on his staff have given vivid descriptions of the grim way in which the embassy was commonly treated. On his return to Britain he was given laurels as "the man who brought the Russians in on our side," which was of course quite untrue. The man who achieved that was in Berlin, and Stafford knew no better than anyone else whether the Russians could sustain resistance. But he was, for a while, extremely popular; his first "austerity" broadcast, which in a flat cold voice offered not blood, tears, and sweat but queueing up for food, mending, and keeping clean with rationed soap in the blackout, was received with gloomy satisfaction, and when he went out to India many felt sure that the man who could deal with Stalin must be able to deal with Gandhi. It is a matter of history how narrowly the nine days of hectic activity missed success.

On his return he took on Aircraft Production, a job after his scientific and managerial heart. His seat was magnificently safe, and high office in a Labor Cabinet certain. Until last summer his main task was to get the "working parties" going for non-nationalized industries—important work, but not of a kind which brought him to the eye of the general public. It was only when the clouds closed in that people were ready again to respond to the voice which, of all the voices of the government, seems to be able to say most clearly and with most conviction that austerity and rationing are not being sought for their own sake, and are not just a cruel burden imposed upon the British housewife by unkind Americans, but are a necessity for the job of building not the old but a better Britain. Stafford Cripps does not mince words or put things picturesquely; when he thinks it ridiculous to suppose that any Tom, Dick, or Harry from the work bench can step right in and run industry, he says so, and there is a good deal of ideological snorting. But he means what he says: he faces facts and reads out the sums and their answers. And the British people can do with a good deal more of that type of talk than they get.

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Del Vayo—Victory on Spain

THE United Nations discussion on Spain has once more demonstrated that after nine years of Franco the Spanish issue retains all its power to arouse and divide people. Throughout the two-day debate in the Political Committee the meeting room was crowded and the atmosphere overheated. I have frequently warned appeasers of Franco that the Spanish story cannot be killed. This time the first attempt to kill it was made by the American delegation. As soon as the representative of the Dominican Republic opened the debate with a proposal that the question be dropped from the agenda, everyone knew he was speaking for the State Department. This is one of the menial services that the *Gran Benefactor*, Trujillo, must render the United States in exchange for this country's continued toleration of a regime which disgraces the Western Hemisphere.

It was immediately apparent that the majority of the delegations were not ready to permit the American maneuver to succeed. An impassioned debate of two days ended with the adoption of a resolution "reaffirming" the General Assembly's decision of last December and "expressing confidence that the Security Council will exercise its responsibilities under the Charter" in the case of Spain. The resolution achieves two aims. First, as Mr. Gromyko correctly pointed out, it strikes a "new moral blow at the Franco regime"; second, it keeps the Spanish issue on the agenda of the Security Council, which will have to deal with the problem "as soon as it considers that the situation in Spain so requires." It is my personal conviction that the Spanish people will see to it that the situation "so requires" sooner than is imagined by certain delegates who argued that strong measures would be resented in Spain.

Even those Spaniards who were confident that the United Nations would eventually open its doors to Franco now realize that this hope is finished. Neither last summer's rigged plebiscite, staged deliberately to impress the coming Assembly, nor the aggravated international situation, on which Franco is counting to remain indefinitely in power, has brought the Spanish dictator an inch farther along the road to Lake Success. The vote last week—the fifth in which the United Nations has voiced its condemnation of Europe's last surviving Axis member—definitely slammed the door in Franco's face. Cut off from the international organization and all its affiliated agencies, fascist Spain stands alone, in complete and terrible isolation. The effect in Spain will be considerable. That large sector of vacillating opinion which, though against Franco, never dared take a stand because he seemed to be gaining strength internationally, will realize now that Spain is shut out of the world community as long as he remains in power. The Political Committee tightened the noose around the throat of the hated dictatorship and by its vote recorded an important victory for Spanish democracy.

The decision might also have been, with Palestine, the greatest accomplishment of the present Assembly. A Soviet-American rapprochement on Spain could have cleared the atmosphere for the coming Foreign Ministers' Conference in London. That this did not happen is entirely the fault of the American delegation.

I am in a position to affirm that from the start of the discussion this year the Russians were the most conciliatory and anxious to arrive at unanimity among the big powers. From the public point of view, this was made clear in their acceptance of a resolution which they considered far too weak. The Polish delegate, Dr. Lange, even withdrew his own strongly worded proposal and worked hard in the Drafting Committee to find a compromise acceptable to everyone. Conciliation was evident, too, in the moderate speech of the Yugoslav delegate, Bebler, and in the skill with which Ukrainian Foreign Minister Manuilsky avoided being drawn into a secondary fight. All this is a matter of public record. From personal knowledge I can add that the Slav bloc had decided in a meeting held on November 10, the eve of the general debate, to go more than halfway to reach an accord with the United States and Great Britain. It was only when they discovered, through the reports of persons who approached the United States delegation and through certain indiscreet remarks of John Foster Dulles, that the Americans would oppose any resolution embarrassing to Franco, that Gromyko delivered his well-documented speech criticizing American policy in Spain.

One voice absent from the debate was that of Léon Jouhaux, France's great labor leader, who stirred the Assembly last year to a moment of genuine emotion when he answered the mediocre and hypocritical arguments of Senator Connally by describing the heroism of the Spanish resistance, maintained throughout the years in spite of the betrayal of the democracies. This time France voted for the resolution; but Jouhaux has returned to Paris, and Parodi, surely following instructions from the Quai d'Orsay, avoided taking any position that could offend the Americans. Apart from Gromyko's speech, the two high points of the debate were the eloquent remarks of Mrs. Pandit, flaying Argentina's wilful defiance of the December resolution, and Jan Masaryk's shrewd, able address.

What happened last week proves either that the United States does not want an understanding with Russia or that its diplomats are extremely inept. The reasons given for their position were wholly unconvincing. To abstain from voting for the resolution simply because the United States disliked the use of the phrase "to reaffirm" is utterly absurd. As Dr. Alfaro, Foreign Minister of Panama, succinctly pointed out: either you affirm a resolution passed last year with the vote of the United States, or you declare that you no longer stand by the resolution and you destroy it. The majority, by their votes, indorsed his verdict.

The attitude and tactics of the American delegation proved once more that a foreign policy based on the single objective of stopping Russia is sure to end in the surrender of every democratic principle. No wonder such a policy is difficult to explain in logical or convincing language.

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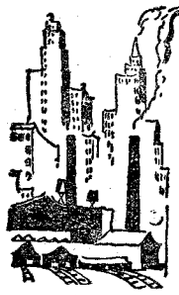

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Wall Street Tax Plans

SOME months ago Representative Knutson, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, appointed an advisory committee to assist in the formulation of a long-range program for revision of the federal tax structure. It was a very carefully selected body. At its head was Roswell Magill, professor of law at Columbia University and associated with a prominent firm of corporation lawyers. His colleagues included a movie magnate who was once president of the N. A. M., a Republican governor, a New York banker and director of many corporations, a Virginia manufacturer, a couple of other corporation lawyers, an economist employed by the Association of American Railroads, and the head of a farmers' milk cooperative. Just to make the group completely representative, a labor leader was added. The choice seemed safe enough, for Matthew Woll is the outstanding Republican in the A. F. of L. However, it proved a mistake, for Mr. Woll, resisting strong pressure, not only refused to sign the committee's report but blasted it as disguised tax relief for the "favored few."

It is not, I think, unfair, to identify this committee with Wall Street or to assume that its recently published report gives us a clear picture of the triple-play strategy for "tax reform" which has been devised by Wall Street and its Republican allies. First there is to be a reduction of income-tax rates across the board, as provided for in last session's vetoed tax bill, which Mr. Knutson promises to reintroduce as soon as possible. Next there are to be "structural reforms"—changes in the federal tax code relating to methods of assessment of personal and corporation taxes and estate duties. Finally, the load taken off the upper brackets by these measures is shifted to the shoulders of low-income receivers by means of a general excise or sales tax.

The specific task assigned to the Magill committee was to work out detailed plans for stage two of this program. However, its report touches revealingly, if briefly, on the other two steps. "Adjustment" of personal-income-tax rates and schedules, it suggests, is an immediate necessity, and while it admits that reductions must afford some cost-of-living relief to lower-income groups, its emphasis is on the damage done "by a tax system which, instead of rewarding people in proportion to how much they strive and accomplish, punishes them with a graduated penalty which increases with their success." But the committee is not yet prepared to scrap entirely the principle of taxation in accordance with ability to pay: it will be satisfied if surtax rates are lowered to the point where not even the wealthiest taxpayer will pay more than half his income to the Treasury.

References in the report to excise taxes are vague but ominous. "If federal expenditure remains high," it declares, "the retention of a broad system of excises will be necessary if the way is to be opened for income-tax relief." Although it avoids precision on this point, Magill and other members of the committee have long advocated greater reliance on sales taxes as a means of revenue. A bill that broadly represents their views is now being promoted by Representative Gearhart, influential Republican member of the Ways and Means Committee. It proposes to compensate for a drastic reduction in income tax by a 10 per cent manufacturers' sales tax on all fully processed goods with the exception of food, housing, transportation, and some minor items. By increasing personal exemptions this bill would knock off the income-tax rolls some 6,400,000 taxpayers now paying an average of $47 each. But here is the joker: these same citizens, according to the *Wall Street Journal,* would find the manufacturers' sales tax costing them on the average about $109 annually.

Taxpayers in this position would be little comforted by the "structural reforms" which are the immediate concern of the Magill committee. For these reforms are designed to reduce tax burdens for corporations and wealthy individuals; not many possessors of incomes below $5,000 would derive much benefit from them.

Space forbids any detailed discussion of the committee's proposals, many of which are extremely technical. They include partial elimination of "double taxation" of dividends, reductions in corporate-tax liability by more generous provisions for depreciation and the "carrying forward" of losses, exemption for certain kinds of capital gains and increased credit allowances for capital losses, and exemptions from estate and gift taxes which in many cases would make possible almost total avoidance of these levies.

The proposal which has the greatest topical interest, since it is likely to reach Congress ahead of the others, is for extension to all taxpayers of the income-splitting benefits now enjoyed by married couples in the thirteen states with community-property laws. Such laws provide for equal division of all income between husband and wife so that they are able to file separate tax returns. Thus a married man in California with a salary of $51,000 will report $24,500, after allowing for exemptions, and his wife will do the same. Each will pay a total tax of $9,362.50 or $18,725 together. The highest surtax bracket they reach will be 59 per cent. A married man in New York is under no legal obligation to share his income with his wife and can only file one return. If his salary is $50,500, he will report, say, $49,000 after exemptions. On the top $5,000 he will pay 72 per cent and his total bill will be $24,795—$6,070 more than that of the California couple.

Obviously this different treatment of taxpayers in different states is grossly inequitable. But is the solution to treat all incomes for taxable purposes as if they were subject to community-property laws? Before the war Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau proposed to equalize matters by making consolidated returns compulsory for married couples in all states. Such a change might reasonably be accompanied by increased personal exemptions for married couples and children. It would certainly be much fairer than the Magill committee plan, which will provide the greatest proportionate gains for those with the largest incomes and will be of no benefit whatsoever to some 40,000,000 taxpayers in the lowest bracket.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is still alive and provoking. I have it on the best authority in the form of one of those famous postcards. We had hoped to reprint in this issue a section from "London Music in 1888-89 as Heard by Corno di Bassetto Later Known as Bernard Shaw," which was published here in 1937, is now out of print, and is known, I imagine, to relatively few American readers. Shaw was, in his younger days, one of the few good critics of music, living or dead. In reprinting one of his pieces we thought to do honor not only to the writing but to the critic. But Mr. Shaw ruled against us.

My works [said the postcard] may be quoted for comment or criticism but not otherwise—not as entertaining readable matter.

In short, NO.

Which puts everyone in his place.

W. J. TURNER the English critic, who died last winter, was another of the few writers about music who deserve respect. His comment on Toscanini, which appears here, is taken from his volume, "Music: An Introduction to its Nature and Appreciation," published in 1936, but was originally printed in the London *New Statesman and Nation,* which Turner served for many years as music critic. He was the author of distinguished works on Beethoven, Mozart, Berlioz, and Wagner, of which only the first two were published here, and only the Mozart is still in print. He also wrote poetry, novels, and plays.

During the past week I have been reading his book on Berlioz with great delight. Turner is quite as vigorous and peppery as Shaw; and the neglect and misunderstanding which have attended the music of Berlioz through the years give full scope to his talent for disposing, by analysis, of the pompous nonsense to which music, even more than the other arts, has always been subjected and of which Berlioz has been a special victim. Yet one is always aware of a basic sweetness and a basic humility toward the art that was the passion of his life—so that there is no trace, even in his fiercest remarks, of anything less pure than genuine and disinterested emotion.

Turner quotes extensively from Berlioz's correspondence and prints among others a letter which Berlioz, aged twenty, wrote to his father announcing his determination to devote his life to music. It reads as follows:

I have voluntarily embarked upon a magnificent career (one can give no other epithet to that of the arts) and not upon my destruction; because I believe that I shall succeed, yes, I believe it: it is not an occasion for modesty; to prove to you that I leave nothing to chance, I consider, I am convinced that I shall distinguish myself in music; everything points to it outwardly, and within me the voice of nature is stronger than the strictest objections of reason. I have everything imaginable in my favor, if you will support me: I begin young; I shall not need to give lessons like so many others to support myself; I have certain attainments and possess the foundations of others in a way that leads to a deeper development, and indeed I have experienced passions of sufficient strength not to be mistaken as to their true accents whenever it may be necessary to depict them or make them speak.

If I am mercilessly condemned to die of hunger in the event of failure (and in truth I would not stop sooner), your reasonings and your disquietude would be better founded; but there is no question of that, and, fixing it at the lowest, I shall have one day two thousand francs income; but let us say fifteen hundred, I could live all the same on this sum; even with twelve hundred I should be content, supposing music brought me in nothing. In short, I want to make my name; I want to leave some trace of my existence on the earth; and so strong is this feeling, which indeed in itself is wholly noble, that I would prefer to be Gluck or Méhul, dead, than what I am in the prime of life. . . .

Such is my way of thinking, such I am and nothing in the world can change me; you can withdraw all help from me or force me to leave Paris, but I don't believe it; you would not thus make me lose the best years of my life and break the charmed needle, being unable to prevent it from obeying the attraction of its pole.

Adieu, my dear father, reread my letter and do not attribute it to a momentary state of exaltation, for I have never been more calm.

Your respectful and affectionate son,
H. Berlioz

Berlioz père yielded.

Arturo Toscanini

BY W. J. TURNER

MUSIC may be described as a print of eternity taken in time and lasting so long as it takes, remaining a whole until the last note is struck, then fading simultaneously. After that one can only recall it in memory. I use the simile of a "print," because it will serve best to explain in one direction where Toscanini's superiority as a conductor lies. Supposing that in reading poetry one were used to see poems only in a very poor print upon inferior-quality paper; imagine, for example, having only been able to procure Keats's Ode to a Nightingale printed in smudged ink on a piece of blotting paper with the stanzas scattered haphazard all over the sheet and either no punctuation or all the punctuation wrong! But this is how music is very often performed, and the first distinction between a good reproducing artist and an inferior one is that from the good artist we get an orderly, correct, audible impression. The average reader, like the average listener, is soon aware of certain differences in printing, but only an expert typographer is fully aware of all the fine distinctions, and he alone knows completely the different values produced by differing typographical settings of a poem. But in typographical prints the variations possible are limited compared with those possible in a photographic print, for example; so we must go on and compare the differences in musical reproduction to those possible with a camera and a lens, with all the latter's possibilities of light-variation,

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focusing, etc. Then we may compare one conductor's performance of a symphony with another's as we may compare a poor photograph taken with a mediocre camera by a not highly capable person with a first-rate print taken by an expert using the finest materials.

Now, although this is the mere basis of the art of musical reproduction, it is a surprising fact that this basis is so rarely adequately supplied by the reproducing artist—whether he be instrumentalist, vocalist, or conductor. I think that every music-lover who has heard the famous conductors of our time will admit that even on this presumably elementary ground the musical impression made by Toscanini when he conducts a work is incredibly clearer in detail, better proportioned as to parts, and more vivid as a whole, than those made by any other conductor.

The four concerts conducted by Toscanini, arranged as part of the London Music Festival by the B. B. C. in 1935, were the first occasion of Toscanini's conducting an English orchestra. There must have been a certain amount of apprehension on both sides. The reputation of Toscanini is a curious one. He is about sixty-eight years old, and it took the best German musicians many years before they could even bring themselves to contemplate the possibility that an Italian might actually surpass the finest of their native conductors. They went and heard, and came back impressed. . . . But Toscanini functioned chiefly at La Scala, Milan, of which wonders were constantly being told, and this being merely an Italian opera house these wonders were discounted. I remember some Viennese musical friends of mine writing to me a number of years ago describing a visit by Toscanini with an Italian opera company to their native town and how devastating to their preconceived notions this visit was. He performed "Falstaff" and "Lucia di Lammermoor," and Vienna went mad. "Not since the greatest days of Gustav Mahler has such an impression been made on the musical intelligentsia here," wrote one of my friends. Toscanini was invited to Bayreuth. There is a story told that on his first appearance there and at his first rehearsal he started with "Die Götterdämmerung" with the picked German orchestra that had played under the greatest German masters and went straight through the score without stopping once. The musicians were disconcerted, but went confidently on, to be, however, dumfounded when at the end he laid down his baton and merely said: "Gentlemen, it is terrible!"

The programs of Toscanini's four concerts in London in 1935, were actually more interesting than at first sight they seemed to be. The fact that he did not know the orchestra was no doubt responsible for the main items in each pair of concerts being the same. . . . Of the first two concerts, consisting of Brahms's E Minor Symphony, Cherubini's Anacreon overture, and Wagner excerpts, no doubt the Brahms made the deepest general impression. For my part I thought, especially of the first movement of the Brahms symphony, that Toscanini's ruthlessly *musical* rendering rather showed up the defects of the work and that only in the last movement, the passacaglia, did Brahms stand up fully to the treatment he received. The finer the music is structurally, the more magnificent it is in rhythmic design, the more clearly is revealed the greatness of Toscanini as a conductor. So it was that the passacaglia of the Brahms E Minor Symphony and the last movement of the Beethoven A Major Symphony were given with a convincing and satisfying purity and splendor such as I have never heard before. Here, indeed, Toscanini is unique among conductors. Steadiness, accuracy, sensitiveness, and rightness of proportion are combined with a vitality that is unique, as it is also so little manifested by outward physical exertion. . . .

In the second pair of concerts the two performances of Beethoven's A Major Symphony were incomparably finer than any performance of this work I have ever heard. It has not been a favorite of mine among Beethoven's symphonies, and it is more often badly, because crudely and heavily, played than any other; but in Toscanini's hands this "apotheosis of the dance" was given in its full rhythmical glory. Of the rest, I was most impressed with the two performances of Debussy's Symphonic Sketches, La Mer. To hear this work performed under Toscanini is a revelation of its musical qualities. Here again it is most conspicuous how much more

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lucid and well defined are Toscanini's reproductions of the music than those of other conductors. There is never anything feeble or tentative about his renderings, but everything is in its right place and firmly and satisfyingly there.

There is one other impression which it is necessary to convey in writing of Toscanini. As I sat in a different place and could watch exactly what he did and did not do when he conducted the Beethoven for the second time, I was suddenly reminded of Berlioz's remark: *"Do you think I make music for my pleasure?"* I am certain that it is not a pleasure for Toscanini to conduct, but rather that he suffers. It is because of his extreme musical sensibility and intense concentration. Here lies the essence of his superiority. He suffers because he loves music more and concentrates more than others. His self-forgetfulness is perfect, and his awareness of the music is complete. This is the real secret of Toscanini.

The Best and the Worst

A NEW edition of Professor Edward J. Dent's "Mozart's Operas" (Oxford, $5.50) has provided me with the occasion to read at last a book that I have long intended to read, and to discover that it is one of the great books on music. Like Tovey's writings it is the product of a scholarship that works hand in hand with aesthetic insight—the scholarship providing knowledge of Mozart's materials, problems, and methods with each opera; the aesthetic insight illuminating the completed work of art. And if it is without Tovey's flashing brilliance it is also free of the epigrammatic obscurities that Tovey's pyrotechnics of thought and statement sometimes result in—which is to say that it is written with an urbanity and clarity that make the reading of it a delight.

Another product of profitable scholarship is Dr. J. M. Coopersmith's new edition of Handel's "Messiah" (Carl Fisher, $1.25), which establishes from original sources a definitive corrected text not only of the work as it is usually performed but of all the variants that Handel made to fit the various conditions of the performances during his own lifetime. In addition it gives three examples from manuscript material—in the airs *He was despised* and *I know that My Redeemer liveth* and a cadenza for *Every valley*—of the vocal ornamentation that "was a common practice, . . . differed with each singer, and . . . was seldom written into the music" (since the editor has employed his scholarship for the practical end of correct performance I think he should have filled in the ornamentation throughout the work in smaller notation than the text). And finally it provides notes on details of text, tempo, and other matters of performance.

From the enjoyable I turn to the distasteful—Charles O'Connell's "The Other Side of the Record" (Knopf, $3.50), which professes to tell the truth about some of the celebrated musicians with whom he had dealings in the years when he was in charge of Victor's Red Seal recording. Mr. O'Connell says he doesn't tell all the truth: "I have 'put nothing in in malice,' I have omitted much in mercy, and if anywhere I have done violence to the truth it is only by suppressing the more unpleasant parts of it." Having outgrown earlier naivetes and learned that it is entirely possible for someone to think he is speaking truthfully or acting nobly when he is doing something quite different, I am sure Mr. O'Connell believes he has done as he says. Nor is the book without its occasional true statements; but it brings to mind a scientist friend's observation once that with any number of correct steps and only one incorrect he could prove two and two equal five. And the unpleasantness and distortion set down with venom on page after page gives one the cold horrors.

The detailed evidence for my statements is something for which there isn't the space; and I limit myself to one comparatively mild passage, from which one should get an idea of what has gone into Mr. O'Connell's writing about the people he discusses, and what his estimates of them are worth. Describing the origin of the Rubinstein-Heifetz-Feuermann recordings of chamber music, he writes:

When . . . the Budapest Quartet had left Victor, the company lost caste with devotees of chamber music and could no longer boast of leadership in this field. There was no permanently organized quartet that could compete with the Budapest in public acceptance. There were other quartets, such as the Pro Arte, the Musical Art, the Roth, and the Coolidge, which had fair claims to some share of public support, but they got very little. The Budapest Quartet, composed, oddly enough, of Russians exclusively, had the inside track, and was worshipfully regarded in those esoteric circles where chamber music is esteemed as the only music worthy of an intelligent man's attention, circles composed largely of bloodless snobs who regard any music involving more than five players as grossly overblown, whose tastes are so refined and aristocratic that they don't like even

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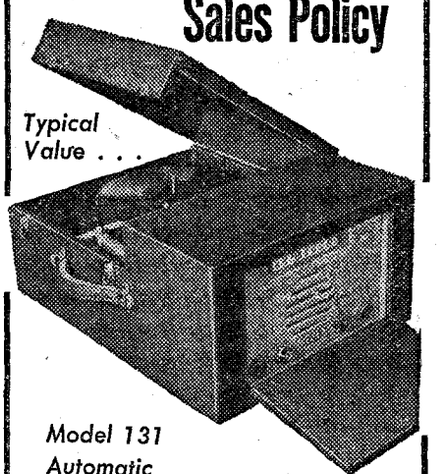

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a program of chamber music if their neighbor does, and who think that anything popular is necessarily vulgar. These precious folks had grown in such numbers as to make chamber music not only important to Victor from an artistic point of view, but commercially profitable as well. It was evident that it would take mighty musicians indeed to compete with the Budapest Quartet or to regain for Victor the position in the field of chamber music that it had lost.

This was achieved, in his opinion, by the "peerless performances" of the Rubinstein-Heifetz-Feuermann combination. And from the passage one also gets an idea of the musical understanding that has gone into the statements about music in his book, and of what *they* are worth.

A great musician I know picked up the book, glanced at a few pages, and tossed it aside with the contemptuous exclamation: "Dirty laundry!" I can easily understand Mr. O'Connell's writing such a book but find it difficult to imagine how a publisher—that is, a publisher on a certain level of reputation and pretension—could publish it.

B. H. HAGGIN

The Ultimate Beethoven

THE QUARTETS OF BEETHOVEN. By Daniel Gregory Mason. Oxford University Press. $4.75.

THE string quartets of Beethoven have become, thanks to the revival of the string ensemble and to the phonograph, more widely known in the last quarter-century than ever before in their history; have become, indeed, so supreme an aesthetic experience of any kind among living men that Toscanini's word for them, *"il mio segreto vangelo,"* may be taken as the radical claim they impose on the modern moral sensibility. It is surprising to find that Dr. Mason's is the first book in English to be devoted exclusively to their analysis and interpretation. Helm's and Riemann's German treatises, academically doctrinaire when not ineptly rhapsodic, have never been translated, and Joseph de Marliave's "Quatours de Beethoven" of 1925, translated in London in 1928, was not the book to satisfy contemporary taste or criticism. Yet the quartets have come more and more to occupy a major place in appraisals of Beethoven's genius. They figure in the heroic evocations of Rolland; they have been more closely analyzed by English students like Gerald Abraham, A. E. F. Dickinson, W. H. Hadow, Roger Fiske, and the stimulating Marion Scott; definitive analysis has been provided by Vincent d'Indy (in his "Cours de composition musicale" and Cobbett's "Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music"), and by the indispensable essays of Tovey. But for the general reader none of this analysis and evaluation quite rivals a book unconcerned with technique or historical relations yet incomparable in fixing the mind and character of Beethoven in modern thought, and in defining the quartets as perhaps the essential clue to that character: I mean, of course, J. W. N. Sullivan's superb essay on "Beethoven: His Spiritual Development."

The astonishing thing about Sullivan's treatment was that, without any claim to formal analysis, it conveyed, besides the intellectual and spiritual values in the quartets, their varying styles and their progressive mastery of personal content and expressive structure. No other book has so succeeded in showing that music, which of all the arts furnishes the most exact language for verbal analysis, is done poor service when that language is employed to the exclusion of spiritual and stylistic insight—insight which, conversely, results in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred in futile impressionism and feeble subjectivity. Perhaps the quartets solicit, beyond almost anything else in music, the most intense and disinterested spiritual response in the listener. At the same time they show unmistakably the danger of such response when it is undisciplined by aesthetic principle or insights. They are an education in musical resources and method; they are also a continuous schooling against free interpretative license. From first to last they encourage programmatic and biographical interest, all the way from the *Adagio* of Opus 18 No. 1—where Beethoven confessed the suggestion of "the scene in the burial vault in 'Romeo and Juliet' "—through such episodes as the *Molto Adagio* of Opus 59. No. 2 (marked *Si tratta questo pezzo con molto di sentimento,* which becomes for Dr. Mason "a fused combination of the Promethean energy of

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Beethoven's youth with the sense of tragic frustration, slowly ripening into acquiescence"), the "brutal energy" of the concluding fugue of Opus 59 No. 3 (so "long-winded and devoid of real musical interest" to d'Indy's contrapuntist taste as to call for Cobbett's editorial plea for a "driving power . . . which cannot be expressed in terms of musical science"), and the reminiscent youthful humors of the *musette* or the passionately allusive introspection of the *Heiliger Dankgesang* of Opus 132, to the *"Muss es sein? Es muss sein!"* motifs in the finale of Opus 135.

This whole range of appeals in the quartets makes them singularly accessible to human exploration and recognition. Without that appeal they would, of course, not merely deny their spiritual origins but lose their spiritual and imaginative life. Taken together, they form a cycle of moral experience unrivaled in music or perhaps in any art but the highest poetry. Yet what Sullivan defined so aptly in his remarks on program music—that it communicates "musical experiences analogous to extra-musical experiences that may be associated with some definite external situation" but "does not, any more than any other music, depict any part of the external world"—is constantly emphasized even by these humanly accessible portions of the quartets. That fact becomes indisputable when we advance into their more purely harmonic utterances, which include not only the large majority of their movements but such supreme tests as the sublime *Cavatina* of Opus 130 (passing into which from the preceding *Andante* is for Dr. Mason a leaving of "the outspread world of nature, bright, wide, sparkling in sunlight, to enter the darkened chamber in which an agonized spirit struggles along against despair"—a "passionate cry of personal pain, a subjectivity almost pathological") or the complex riddle of the *Grosse Fuge* with its Mallarméan impenetrability (to Schindler "an anachronism" that "ought to belong to the primitive times when music was nothing but a mathematical combination," but to Sullivan a triumph which "more than anything else in music . . . justifies the ways of God to men").

A study of the quartets, then, demands the maximum of personal absorption, expressive skill, intellectual objectivity, and critical tact in their interpreter; and they do so precisely because the elements of human relevance and intellectual prodigality are so richly and complexly blended in their existence. Anyone with a long experience of listening and reacting to them will be aware of the slow and tentative stages in his emerging comprehension of them, his self-identification with them. Aware also, in opening a book about them, of how treacherous verbal discussion of anything but their purely technical features may be. D'Indy, discussing how Beethoven moved from one key to another on its dominant or its subdominant, contrasted these effects by the words *éclaircissement* and *assombrissement*. He did so convincingly, but are "brightening" and "darkening" the words for another man's sensation at these modulations? Will, in fact, the hundreds of occasions that arise for characterizing motifs, modes, sonorities, textures, rhythms, modulations, and structures in a musical context ever succeed in catching a universally valid expression once purely technical descrip-

In London in the Twenties, there was a gifted young Englishman *who decided upon a literary career. The first few things he wrote were, to be as honest as he is, not so good . . . he's glad to forget about them now . . . but when he started writing about himself, and his attempts to become a writer, he turned out to be very good indeed.* **"Lions and Shadows"** *could be called Christopher Isherwood's autobiography . . . except . . . that Isherwood is so completely a story-teller he couldn't stick to the facts. His characters, who are his friends, ran away with the book and turned it into a novel. Several of these friends are now just as famous as* **Christopher Isherwood** *himself, and you will enjoy penetrating their not too heavy disguises. Their doings make reading as diverting as anything Isherwood later wrote. If you liked* "Prater Violet" *or* "The Berlin Stories" *you'll want to get to know Isherwood himself through* "Lions & Shadows." *You'll find him quite as engaging as a personality as he is exceptional as a writer.* "Lions & Shadows" *has just been published for the first time in this country and costs $3. Ask your bookseller to let you sample a few pages. That will do it.*

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tion is abandoned? To ask these questions is to open the whole question of musical writing and its methods. Yet without such interpretative characterization discussion must lapse into the most arid of diagnoses. If the abstract jargonizing of a Helm, Riemann, or Paul Bekker is to be corrected, there arises the need of a critical and verbal sensibility among musical writers equaling, perhaps surpassing, anything achieved by interpreters of literature.

A book like Dr. Mason's calls, accordingly, for extended and detailed use —use with both printed scores and recordings—before its value can be exactly determined. I have so used it for only two weeks and thus have not fully determined the value its analyses, epithets, and judgments may eventually have for me. My present opinion is that he has done sound justice to the occasion his book is privileged to mark; that as the first full book in English on the quartets his volume is a good one, reasonable in its arguments, readably lucid and honestly compromising in rendering musical effects in words, judicious in curbing technical exposition, sensitive and suggestive—if not as trenchant as Tovey, as rigorous as d'Indy, or as evocative as Sullivan—in descriptive analysis and thematic elucidation. I have not room here to quote the large number of his phrases and epithets that strike me as acute and just; so it would be unfair to quote those that strike me as missing their mark. But he has managed, better than all but two or three living writers on music, in winning and sustaining confidence for his interpretation and in fertilizing his views by quotations from men like Tovey, Sullivan, d'Indy, and practicing interpreters of Beethoven. His actual musical quotations in the text are few. Fuller examples would certainly aid the student, who must, meanwhile, go to such handy guides as the Oxford "Musical Pilgrim" series, to d'Indy's or Paul Mies's works, or of course to Tovey's superb essays. Dr. Mason might also have used recorded performances as a basis of his analyses, though considering how deplorably unreliable the recording companies are in keeping these in print, his avoidance of this practice is pardonable. He should, however, have given a critically annotated list of such recordings in an appendix; his lumping together of performing groups on page 6 is indiscriminate, though one is pleased to see the book dedicated to Adolfo Batti of the unforgettable Flonzaley Quartet.

The best feature of Dr. Mason's book is the balance it strikes between Beethoven as craftsman and Beethoven as man, intellect, and visionary, and in what it does to show that these Beethovens are inseparable, indivisible, organic in the music. Here the example of both Tovey and Sullivan has counted for much, and reveals Dr. Mason as an interpreter of human feeling and sensitive open-mindedness. That openness of mind and prepared responsiveness of intelligence is the least a student must bring to the quartets if he is to achieve through their illumination that "definitely new state of consciousness" which they, like only the highest triumphs of creation, make accessible to the devoted listener.

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All Over Jazz

WE CALLED IT MUSIC. By Eddie Condon. Narration by Thomas Sugrue. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

EDDIE CONDON, the guitarist who started the hot-jazz concerts in New York's Town Hall, has talked his musical autobiography to Thomas Sugrue. Sugrue has a fine ear for Condon's racy chatter and reproduces it, or the effect of it, with comic fidelity. He also interpolates a few sections in his own more intellectual tone of voice, purporting, among other things, to explain jazz in "understandable terms." These parts of the book I found a good deal less satisfactory. Having taken various unnamed persons to task for using technical terms —such as glissandi, antiphony, polyrhythm—in the attempt to describe jazz, Mr. Sugrue then proceeds to some very highfaluting talk about the Negro unconscious—a region which would seem to call for a somewhat more tentative approach than it gets in his kibitzing paragraphs. Further, he leans considerably on those very technical terms he has excoriated in the mouths of others. Of course he does. One reason why technical terms exist in music is the fact that they have proved themselves of inestimable convenience for purposes of musical description. And one reason why jazz is so hard to explain to the layman is because it is a full-fledged musical language and he is unequipped with the technical vocabulary which would speed his understanding. To be sure, more than a technical vocabulary is needed. But that is true of any musical form.

However, Mr. Sugrue's arrogance toward other jazz writers may be forgiven; all jazz writers are arrogant toward others; it springs from the number of juveniles and nincompoops in the field—name your choices. Fortunately, Mr. Sugrue is largely concerned with the excellent reproduction of the sound of Eddie Condon's reminiscences, and since Eddie has been all over jazz, white, black, and mixed, the result is a stout piece of Americana. Hot jazz, an intense and unorthodox way of spending one's time, has always attracted men of a good deal of frenzy and eccentricity, the best of them remarkable lyric musicians, many of them comedians. The wry, ironic atmosphere in which they live has seldom been better suggested than here. For years Red McKenzie was noted as a comb-and-paper player:

One night a customer asked what special paper he used to get such amazing sounds from a comb.

"I use the *Evening World*," McKenzie said. "It has a certain texture."

"The customer looked concerned. "The *World* is being sold. It's going over to the *Telegram*. What are you going to do then?"

"I'm going over with it," McKenzie said.

Once Condon and some of his cronies got a job in the pit of a movie theater in the Mexican section of Chicago:

We were supposed to watch the newsreel and play appropriate accompaniment; we seldom did. One night in the middle of "Clarinet Marmalade" I looked up and saw a French general placing a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

The jazz temperament at its musical best was to be found in the late famous Bix Beiderbecke, and the portrait of him here is probably the finest that has yet been published, from the moment he appears on the Condon scene:

The third was a kid in a cap with the peak broken. He had on a green overcoat from the walk-up-one-and-save-ten district; the collar was off his neck. He had a round face and eyes that had no desire to focus on what was in front of him. . . . I've made a mistake, I thought. I'm stuck with this clam-digger for two months.

Here, too, is Louis Armstrong as a youth in Chicago; here are scores more of the boys observed at first hand, and scores of savory jazz anecdotes, such as the story of the recording date on which Condon made "The Minor Drag" with the late Fats Waller. This magnificent jazz performance was schemed up in the taxi on the way to the recording studio; afterward the studio manager said, "This is an excellent example of the wisdom of planning and preparation." His entire misunderstanding of everything going on around him still has its parallels wherever hot jazz is

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played. To get at the gist of the matter, the newcomer will have to do a good deal of listening and reading, or its equivalent in talking. "We Called It Music" will help him to grasp the sort of men he's listening to. And, simply as a document, the book will delight the jazz enthusiast. WILDER HOBSON

Next week in *The Nation's*

Christmas Book Issue

THE OTHER FROST by Randall Jarrell

Reviews

STEPHEN SPENDER: Edmund Wilson's "Europe Without Baedeker"

A. M. SCHLESINGER, JR.: Van Wyck Brooks's "The Times of Melville and Whitman"

ALBERT GUERARD, JR.: Arnold Zweig's "The Axe of Wandsbek"

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MOZART: Qt. in G, K. 387 (Roth Qt.)
Qt in D minor, K. 421 (Budapest)
Qt in Eb, K. 428 (Busch)
Qt in A, K. 464 (Roth)
BEETHOVEN: String Trio in G, Op 9 No. 1 (Pasquier)
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Music and Dancing

THE STORY OF DANCE MUSIC. By Paul Nettl. The Philosophical Library. $4.75.

MR. NETTL, formerly of Prague and Vienna, now at the University of Indiana, follows his subject from animal forms of music and dancing to Ballet Theater's "Fancy Free." The book does not tell this "story" in a readable way—it is far too respectable as musicology for that. What it offers is a 340-page compendium of musicological lore and musicological opinion proper to the field. But Dr. Nettl has also put into it many lively scraps of antiquarian information and has quoted as illustrations many snatches of dance tunes—obscure ones of the fourteenth to eighteenth centuries. These brief illustrations, like a sheaf of musical snapshots, form the book's most vivid feature.

Among Dr. Nettl's specialties are the dance music of Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven, dance tunes by forgotten Austrian and Czech musicians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Viennese court festivities, Renaissance dance manuals, the origins of the waltz, Czech "nationalist" composers. In such byways students will find the work excellent for reference.

For the general reader it is fun to hear that Mozart danced Harlequin in a half-hour pantomime he arranged for a party at his house, and that Beethoven liked very much to dance though he never quite learned to keep time. But as a history of its subject the book is poorly proportioned, its chronological sequences are blurred, and the text is afflicted with generalizations such as: "The [ancient Hebrew] dance was accompanied by the voices of the women, who were the bearers of culture in the first thousand years before Christ," or "One may say that around 1800 the principle of the 'free will' passed over into the field of rhythm."

There are also weaknesses in a few special fields. Many of the generalizations about dance forms, for instance, strike this reviewer as nonsense. The scholarly descriptions of extinct social dances turn out to be hopelessly confusing. There is no discussion of the dance music of Purcell, of Berlioz, of Glinka, of that of the eighteenth-century ballet composers, and almost none of Tchaikovsky's. The section on ballet history has many errors, and the well-meaning one on jazz is of little value.

But once these various drawbacks are clear—and in the present state of musicology they are not particularly shocking—they need not affect the usefulness of the immense mass of otherwise inaccessible material Dr. Nettl has so devotedly assembled and here offers as simply and as concisely as he can for the convenience of students.

EDWIN DENBY

All One

HOW TO BUILD A RECORD LIBRARY. By Paul Affelder. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

THE author has organized this book around the idea that a person who does not much like good music may be brought to a deep love of it by dietetic control and encouraging remarks. Accordingly, his early chapters contain extensive lists of short, melodious compositions and brief, rhythmical snippets of the sort known at Radio City as "light classics." Here as elsewhere the growing child is informed what popular songs have justified the composition. Chapter IV introduces the Symphony, Concerto, and Fugue, and by subtle application of principle a host of such good things as the Venusberg music, Deems Taylor's "Through the Looking Glass" Suite, and the Bell Song from "Lakme." Unfortunately the author has forgotten to grade his remarks, and this diet is also accompanied by musical baby talk. Much of the commentary is merely odd, as when Mr. Affelder explains that the first movement of the Unfinished has "a touch of the dramatic" in it. At other times it is both odd and repulsive, as when he says that the D Minor of Franck is a "magic" symphony and that its "soaring melodies and rich, almost haunting harmonies have a wonderful inspirational quality about them, producing an exhilarating effect." The last quotation will serve as a fair example of Mr. Affelder's prose. For the rest it may be said that he has neither secure taste nor sound judgment. He does not greatly concern himself with the technical qualities of a recording, and he has no dislike of cut versions. Good and bad interpretations

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are all one to him, as are good and bad performances. He recommends great works and boring efforts in about the same language. RALPH BATES

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"ALLEGRO" (Majestic Theater) is, of course, the most talked-of theatrical production of the season, and I offer somewhat belatedly my considered opinion. No one admired "Oklahoma!" more intemperately than I, and for that reason I have the less hesitation in letting myself go on the present occasion. "This," as one of the least respected of English critics said in a famous review, "will never do!" That the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein wanted to give us something different is all to their credit, but that they gave us what they did is certainly not. They have, more than most, the right to failure, but the truth should be told. "Allegro" commits the unforgivable sin of being tedious beyond endurance. Lack of humor is not in itself fatal; lack of spirit and passion and joy certainly is. What was intended to be important is only pretentious and languid. What was intended to be serious is only sentimental and platitudinous.

The whole conception of the piece—both the story which is told and the method chosen to tell it—seems unfortunate. If anything fresh can be said about a young man who realizes just in time that worldly success is not worth what it costs in dignity and self-respect, then the present authors have not said it; if there is a new musico-dramatic form waiting to be discovered, they have certainly not discovered it. What we get dramatically is a morality play with all the obviousness of "Everyman" but without the simplicity which makes obviousness tolerable; and what we get by way of a new musical form is something which, for the sake of alliteration, I am tempted to call a cross between Handel and Hollywood—by which I mean that the choruses permitted to relate so much of the story are really parts of a bastard oratorio; while the big ensemble scenes suggest nothing so much as one of the "production numbers" in a technicolor movie. In a dim and distant past the Shuberts were responsible for one of the most egregious productions in all history when they gave to the world their modern morality "Everywoman." More recently George Kaufman, who, like Rodgers and Hammerstein, suffered a momentary lapse, told essentially their story in "Merrily We Roll Along." From either the authors of "Allegro" might have taken warning.

That a composer and a librettist so

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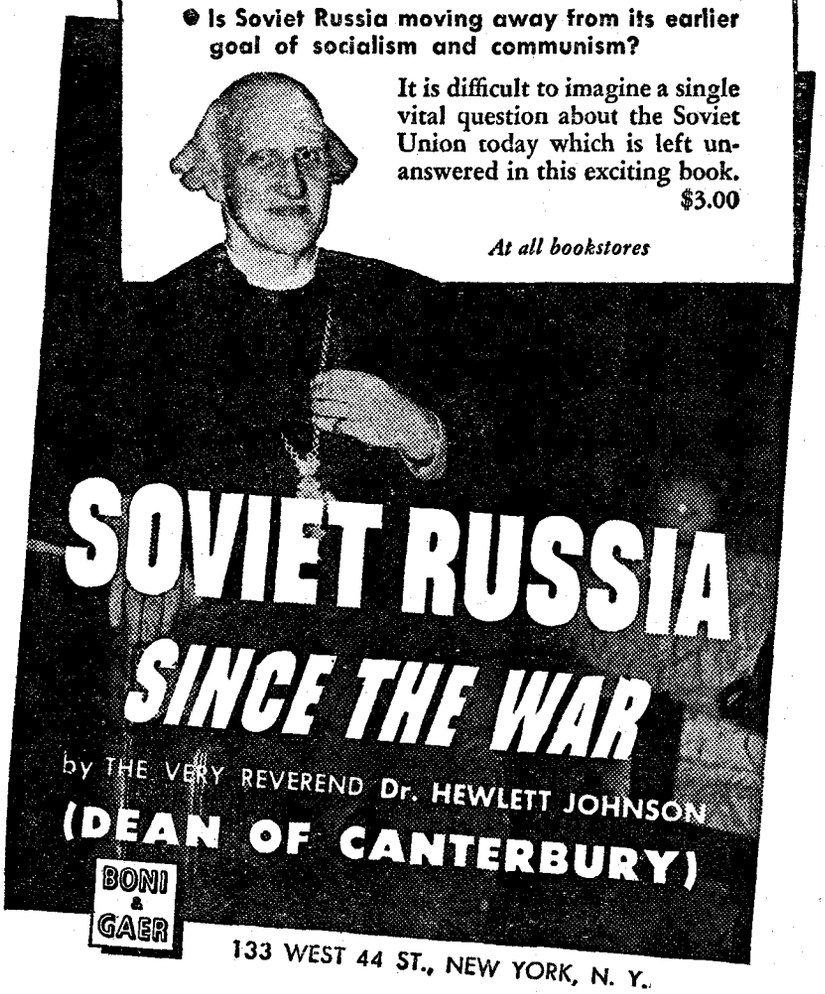
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talented and so knowing as those at present under consideration should both have failed to recognize the emptiness and the languor of their creation can only be explained on the assumption that they fell victim to what I now find myself habitually thinking of as the Christopher Blake fallacy. Like the Moss Hart play, which deserves to be regarded as a *locus classicus*, "Allegro" proceeds on the premise that "big" and "important" are the same thing, that any story given a sufficiently costly production becomes thereby an "epic," that it is not the proportion but the disproportion between means and ends which distinguishes good art from bad. Here the production is no doubt fearfully expensive and is certainly fearfully elaborate. There is a revolving stage, there are huge crowds of performers, and there are all sorts of scenic devices, including projected backgrounds. There are also ballets and tableaux as well as various strange dramatic expedients, such as a long painful stretch in which the audience, supposed to be identifying itself with the infant hero in his crib, is cooed at by the fond parents while he or it—this is specifically referred to in one of the choruses—wets his or its bed. But none of these things make the story any more impressive. They merely weigh it down and smother it under an intolerable weight of meaningless elaboration until one is ready to cry out, like the Queen to Polonius, "More matter and less art!" Understandably under the circumstances Mr. Rodgers's melodic inspiration appears to have deserted him, for the serious music seems, at least to my uninstructed ears, quite undistinguished, and of the occasional musical-comedy songs not one is nearly so good as half a dozen in "Oklahoma!" The whole thing, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along, and as my musical companion whispered to me about the middle of the first act, "This show was misnamed; it should have been called 'Largo Sustinato.'"

No doubt it is only fair for me to add the fact that though a good many spectators agree with me, some of the reviewers have hailed "Allegro" as a masterpiece. In any event, however, there is not much point in advising readers either to go or not to go, since the advance sale was so phenomenally large that no one who has not already bought his tickets is likely to be able to get any for many months to come. In my opinion, nevertheless, the case is very similar to that of the Ford car from which the engine had inadvertently been left out. For a thousand miles, you will remember, it ran on Mr. Ford's reputation.

Unfortunately this seems to be my week for belaboring the Theater Guild, and I must regretfully report that "This Time Tomorrow" (Barrymore Theater) is an even more obvious mistake, though certainly not one on so grand a scale. Undoubtedly it was produced with the best of intentions and because of a genuine desire to give an experiment a chance, but the play serves only to recall the dismal days when such feebly mystical Germans as Hasenclever deluded the experimental producers of the twenties. "This Time Tomorrow" is about a tubercular girl with a gift of second sight. It is also about the search for a cure for cancer, the folly of war, and the fear of death. I shudder at the thought of trying to give any clear account of what goes on in the course of its action, and perhaps it will be enough to say only two things. Near the end, when the girl has just been killed by the passionate embrace of the hero, he explains: "I kissed her in order that she would not know that the rat is dead." The other significant fact is simply that the moral of the whole turns out to be "God is love."

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

HERE is my list of the outstanding recordings of the past year:

Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No. 2; Boyd Neel Orchestra; English Decca Set 27, $5.

Berlioz: Excerpts from "Romeo and Juliet"; Toscanini and N. B. C. Symphony; V Set V-7 (vinylite), $7, or 1160 (shellac), $4. Royal Hunt and Storm from "The Trojans" (with March from "The Trojans" and Overture to Borodin's "Prince Igor"); Beecham and London Philharmonic; V Set 1141, $4. "Roman Carnival" Overture; de Sabata and London Philharmonic; ED K-1552, $2. Overture to "Beatrice and Benedict"; Sargent and National Symphony; ED K-1416, $2.

Britten: Serenade for tenor, horn and strings; Peter Pears, Dennis Brain, and Boyd Neel Orchestra under the composer's direction; ED Set 7, $7. "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra"; Sargent and Liverpool Philharmonic; C Set 703, $4.60.

Handel: "The Messiah"; Sargent, the

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with REGINALD MASON • FRANCES TANNEHILL
SHUBERT Thea., W. 44 St., Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed & Sat. 2:40

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Huddersfield Choral Society, Liverpool Philharmonic, Isobel Baillie, Gladys Ripley, James Johnston, Norman Walker; C Set 666, $26.70. Overture and Pastoral Symphony from "The Messiah"; Sargent and National Symphony; ED K-1499, $2.

Mendelssohn: "Fingal's Cave" or "Hebrides" Overture; Unger and National Symphony (violins lusterless); ED K-1120, $2.

Mozart: Requiem; de Sabata, E. I. A. R. orchestra and chorus, Tassinari, Stignani, Tagliavini, Tajo; C. E. T. R. A., $26. Symphony K. 551; Toscanini and N. B. C. Symphony; V Set 1080, $5. Horn Concerto K. 495; Brain and Hallé Orchestra; C Set X-285, $3.35.

Prokofiev: Symphony No. 5; Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony; V Set 1095, $6. Same work; Rodzinski and New York Philharmonic (better performance, recorded sound cold but more distinct); C Set 661, $7.10.

Rimsky-Korsakov: "Russian Easter" Overture; Jorda and National Symphony; ED Set 28, $5.

Rossini: Arias; Jennie Tourel; C Set 691, $4.60.

Strauss: "Don Juan"; Beer and National Symphony; ED Set 15, $5.

Stravinsky: "Petrushka" (complete work); Ansermet and London Philharmonic; ED Set 2, $11; Suite from "The Firebird"; Ansermet and London Philharmonic; ED Set 30, $7. Same (with an additional *pas de deux,* but without the beautiful transition to the finale); Stravinsky and New York Philharmonic (stronger performance, less richly recorded); C Set 653, $5.85. Symphony in Three Movements; Stravinsky and N. Y. Philharmonic; C Set 680, $4.60.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5; Kletski and Philharmonia Orchestra; C Set 701, $8.35.

Wagner: Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"; Toscanini and N. B. C. Symphony; V 11-9385, $1. "Siegfried-Idyll" and "A Faust Overture"; Toscanini and N. B. C. Symphony; V Set 1135, $5.

To these I would add the RCA Victor reissue of Battistini's recordings of arias from "La Favorita" and "Marta" (15-1010, $2.50). And for hot jazz, Columbia's reissues of performances by Louis Armstrong and his Hot Five (Set C-139), and by Bix Beiderbecke and the Trumbauer Orchestra (Set C-144).

The new Collegiate Chorale recording of Bach's B minor Mass (V Sets 1145/6, $19) was on my list; but I was led to remove it by the results of further listening to it. In Hunter College there was room for the sound to spread out, and therefore for the contrapuntal lines of the instrumental and choral textures to be heard clearly and followed in their progression; in the recording they are jammed together into solid masses of instrumental or choral sound in which they cannot be distinguished and followed. Moreover, the recording reveals not only Shaw's failure to create clarity and musical continuity in the texture but his failure even to shape and inflect the mass of sound: it is beautiful, but it is mostly on one high level of volume; and while again this was not so apparent and disturbing in the hall, the cumulative impact of the concentrated sound from the record is hard to stand. Also, the chorus blankets the orchestra as it did not in the hall.

Other works that I did not include on my list because of defects of performance or recording are Bach's Cantata "Christ lag in Todesbanden" sung by the Collegiate Chorale (V Set 1096, $4; disturbing noises and distortions); Bach's Suites Nos. 2 and 3 played by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony (V Set 1123, $6; No. 3 poorly played); Beethoven's Violin Concerto played by Szigeti with Walter and the New York Philharmonic (C Set 697, $7.10; badly recorded); Handel's Concerti Grossi played by the Busch Chamber Players (C Set 685, about $34; poorly played, harshly recorded); Mozart Sonatas for violin and piano played by Alexander Schneider and Ralph Kirkpatrick on the violin and harpsichord (C Set 650, $8.35; occasional pounding and clatter by Kirkpatrick, harsh recording); Mozart's Quartet K. 493 for piano and strings played by Szell and members of the Budapest Quartet (C Set 669, $4.60; poorly recorded); Mozart's Quintet K. 593 for strings played by the Budapest Quartet and Katims (C Set 708, $4.60; badly recorded); Mozart's Quintet K. 581 for clarinet and strings played by Kell and the Philharmonia Quartet (C Set 702, $5.85; poorly played and recorded); Mozart's Piano Concerto K. 450 played by Kathleen Long with the National Symphony under Neel (ED Set 25, $7; poorly played and recorded); Schubert's Piano Sonata Opus 122 played by Kathleen Long (ED Set 26, $7; poorly played and recorded); Mozart arias sung by Pinza with Walter and the Metropolitan Orchestra (C Set 643, $5.85; orchestra poorly recorded); Schubert's Symphony No. 9 played by Walter with the New York Philharmonic (C Set 679, $8.35; not at all well played, poorly recorded).

Corrections: What the recorded sound of Toscanini's performance of the "Romeo and Juliet" excerpts lacks is not, as the printer had it last week, *expressive* but *expansive* sensuous warmth. And it was the Budapest Quartet's old H. M. V. Victor recording of Beethoven's Opus 59 No. 2, not No. 3, that I referred to.

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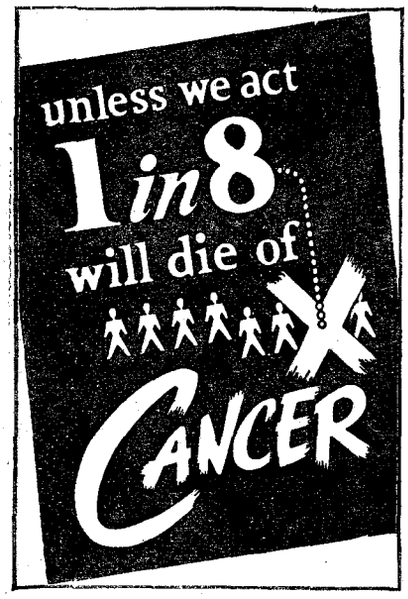

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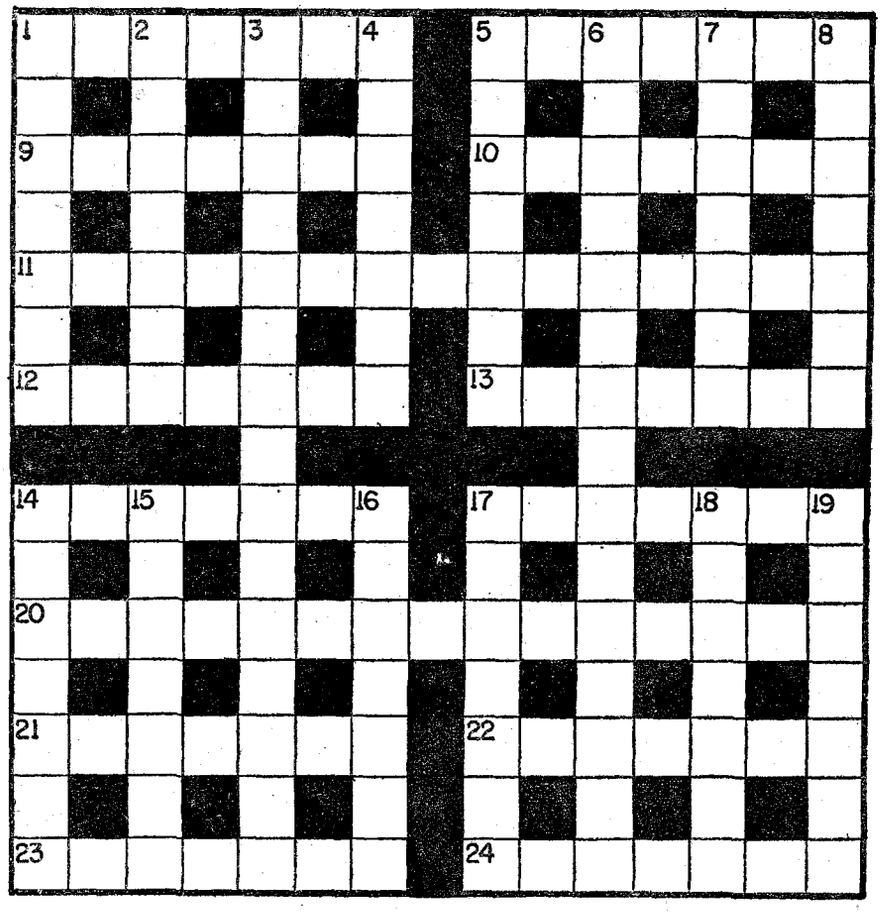
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 For the material-minded, it's a broken bed with an eccentric front. (7)

5 Pours out, making quite a fuss when disturbed by the fee involved. (7)

9 You can put stock in this—it's found near diamond-bearing territory. (7)

10 The counter is entirely in a row. (7)

11 Similarly, how a man of letters conducts himself. (15)

12 Tramps for sale! (7)

13 Sounds bored, but perhaps boded well. (7)

14 Settle around a town. (7)

17 Cotton sheets are kind of average. (7)

20 Question-tracers in surveys of public land. (15)

21 Stimulate in what men live near. (7)

22 Worship sounds like Buddha's jewels (with an oriental slant!). (7)

23 They make a short distance in a boat. (7)

24 They don't rate enough to fly them. (7)

DOWN

1 Sounds like a cubby-hole in tidy shape. (7)

2 Bad French song? (7)

3 House that has had many addresses. (15)

4 What to feed tin monkeys? (7)

5 Found in buses to Niagara. (7)

6 Dentists' offices? (7, 8)

7 Resting easy after getting the point of this? (7)

8 Fruit trees are. (7)

14 Novel methods of continuation. (7)

15 Sounds like a kind of threat, but helped itself to the answer. (7)

16 Makes mistakes all around and yet these jobs get done. (7)

17 Proverbially straightforward. (7)

18 A pressing matter. (7)

19. Sealers, often found tight at the best joints. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 237

ACROSS:—1 VERISIMILAR; 9 SERAPHIC; 10 CUBISM; 11 ALGIERS; 12 ABIGAIL; 14 ASSENT; 15 RESIDUES; 17 OUTSTRIP; 20 DEMISE; 22 MINUTES; 24 ASHTRAY; 26 POLICE; 27 RHAPSODY; 28 CASSOWARIES.

DOWN:—2 EXAMINERS; 3 INHERIT; 4 INCH; 5 INCUBUS; 6 and 8 AS BIG AS LIFE; 7 REALMS; 13 DRAPE; 16 DEMITASSE; 18 UNISON; 19 REEFERS; 20 DESPAIR; 21 STANDS; 23 UTICA; 25 DRAW.

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